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Israeli General's Message to Nasser

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MID-AUTUMN BOOKS

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Still All Right, Jack?

THE Queen's Speech – and economic events since the election – suggest that Mr Macmillan means to continue the basic Tory political strategy, evolved by Mr Butler, which has produced such handsome dividends in the past eight years. Given the assurance of a full term of office, a three-phase strategy can be planned. In the first period, following an election won on a combination of mild reformism and prosperity, the Conservatives adopt a liberal image, particularly in fields which do not impinge on the economic centres of power. Secondly, in the 'middle years' of the administration, the government puts through its unpopular legislation, designed to undermine further the measure of social control imposed by Labour after the war, to correct – through limited unemployment and deflation – the price spiral induced by free enterprise growth; it also serves to widen the earnings gap between workers and *rentiers*. Thirdly, in the year before the election, the economy is let rip again, to ensure a period of full employment and prosperity sufficiently marked to carry the government to victory at the polls.

The formula worked in 1955 and again last month. Will it work in 1964? Phase one has now begun. The 'liberal' element in the cabinet has been strengthened, and Mr Butler now enjoys more power than under even Sir Anthony Eden; one of his protéges, Mr Macleod, has also been put into the Colonial Office, to correct the more obvious errors of his predecessor, which the Tories now admit cost them votes and prestige. The new legislative programme bears the Butler stamp: a change in the betting laws, a tightening of the rules governing take-over bids, the reorganisation of Covent Garden, the relaxation of the earnings rule for pensioners, more penal reform – all are popular, sensible and, above all, safe. Indeed, in so far as they touch upon the centres of economic power at all, they will serve to consolidate the existing system by making it more acceptable.

Already the shadow of phase two falls on the horizon. Mr Macmillan's 'prosperity' campaign meant that virtually everything had to be pulled out of the larder; even so, it was touch and go. Now the bills are beginning to roll in. The first post-election shock was the news of the sheet-steel shortage, which meant the end of Saturday work for 25,000 car operatives. We are going to have to import more steel (when it is available) which means the beginning of pressure on the pound, with a rise in bank-rate not far off. While the government is busy scrapping exchange control (making it easier for the capital-gains boys to holiday abroad), it is obliged, the very same day, to announce massive increases in rail fares (making it more difficult for those forced to take their holidays at home). Unemployment is up; so are prices; the post-election hangover is on us.

This time Mr Macmillan may be forced to apply the screw far harder to ease his way into the comfortable waters of phase three. Both in 1955 and 1959, pre-election prosperity was largely financed by the continuing drift of world commodity prices in our favour. This has now begun to slacken; it may soon be reversed – particularly if Russia begins to sell the products of her expanding manufacturing industry in exchange for raw materials. If this happens, Britain will have to bear the full force of US and European competition, which can be met only by a continuous policy of high investment. The Queen's Speech is based on the assumption that investment is rising; in fact, investment has fallen and is still falling – most rapidly in the manufacturing industries.

The Labour Party need not allow this process to continue unexposed until Mr Macmillan is ready for another pre-election 'miracle'. Labour, too, needs a five-year strategy instead of trying to compress its job into a mere three weeks. It should devote phase one to a sustained warning of the electorate, and ram the lesson home when Mr Macmillan is forced to switch to phase two. Such a strategy will require energy and money spent on steady campaigning. The energy is there; the trade unions should be willing to provide more money, rather than dissipate their funds on the futile strikes which Tory strategy provokes. The Labour Movement's message to the 'prosperity' workers must be: Are you still all right, Jack?

Comments on the Week's News

Labour's Inquest

The Labour party has wisely decided to hold a two-day annual conference next month, instead of a full-scale one later on. Delegates will be able to let off steam about the election without engaging in an 'agonising reappraisal' for which the way has not yet been prepared. The National Executive is still in the process of collecting opinions as to what went wrong and the dangers of trying to weigh these up prematurely were revealed when the interim report drawn up by Morgan Phillips was leaked, apparently almost verbatim, in the *Daily Express*. Naturally enough, the *Express* has made the most damaging use possible of this report which was based on 200 replies to a questionnaire circulated by Transport House to some 600 Labour candidates and organisers. Owing to the way in which the questions were phrased, and in which Mr Phillips summarised the answers, the impression has been given that candidates found the party's policy to consist of a series of 'liabilities', headed by nationalisation and followed closely by doubts as to whether the party's programme could be financed without inflation. In fact, of course, the replies were dealing with failures of presentation of party policy rather than embodying individual judgments on the policy itself. This leakage, coming on top of Mr Jay's hasty comments on nationalisation, is particularly unfortunate as it may frighten the National Executive into inactivity. Certainly the Labour party needs time to sift the many excellent suggestions now pouring into Transport House. It is right, too, that the National Executive should listen to the delegates at conference before crystalising out its own views. But it would be a pity if the shock of the election result were to be allowed to wear off without positive steps being taken to put right what needs to be put right. One does not have to go all the way with Mr Robert Mackenzie to appreciate that there is a strong case for a review of the party's constitution, an overhaul of its organisation and a reconsideration of its 'image'. Far from these steps being the signal for retreat, they could provide the basis on which the party got rid of some of its most totalitarian and bureaucratic aspects and actually strengthened the Socialist elements of its policy. It is understood that the National Executive will come to conference with clear-cut proposals along these lines.

Cold War in Asia

The serious incident in Ladakh in which at least nine Indians were killed will not lead to hot war; but it makes cold war in Asia almost inevitable. China's motives are still hidden. They can scarcely now be either revenge for the Dalai Lama's attacks about Chinese conduct in Tibet, nor accidental frontier troubles arising from the Tibetan rebellion. It seems likely that Chou En-lai, while talking peace, intends to incorporate into China large areas on which Peking can make some historical claim. The excuse in Ladakh is that it was once part of Tibet. The Chinese Foreign Ministry claims that the entire area east of the traditional customary line between China and Ladakh has always been Chinese territory, and that since 1951 Chinese frontier guards have patrolled this remote, largely unpopulated, country. Had Indian police patrols been there, they ask, is it thinkable that China could have built a highway and kept it open to traffic without hindrance to the present? This will not reassure anyone in India; part even of the Indian Communist party is moved to patriotic alarm by the fact that China is building strategic roads in remote areas where there seems no good reason for disturbing the traditional peace.

Sub-continental Harmony

One immediate result of discovering China as a common danger is that India and Pakistan are beginning to end their wasteful and unnecessary dispute. Many millions in both nations must now be wondering why their relations should have been ugly for the past eleven years. Pakistan is this week celebrating the anniversary of General Ayub Khan's seizure of power. It is a grim commentary on Pakistan's progress that he has signalised the day by changing the sentences of execution for 229 prisoners to life imprisonment! He has also announced a five-tier pyramid of 'basic democracy' which does not disguise the fact that he is a military dictator who has been able to take over power because Pakistani democracy was both corrupt and inefficient. During his first year of power he has brought more order into the country and carried out a first measure of land reform. He is also able to come to an agreement with Nehru which democratic politicians were unable or too cowardly to do. The eastern frontier dispute has been neatly adjusted and a settlement is in sight over the canal waters. The frontiers of the Punjab are likely soon to be agreed, and the Kashmir problem may then be tackled in a realistic spirit. We may even see co-operation on the frontiers between the Indian and Pakistani armies which were so disastrously divided in 1947.

The TUC and the ETU

On 24 November the TUC Finance and General Purposes Committee hopes to meet the executive and principal officers of the ETU. Could it be that at last the affairs of this Communist-dominated union are going to see the light of day? The subjects for discussion will be the same as in the abortive correspondence earlier this year: why the ETU has not taken legal action against those who have made accusations of malpractice; and why no more specific answer can be given to the allegation that the union's principal officers were associating with a Communist Party advisory committee? Remembering how unsuccessful the correspondence proved to be in settling these questions, the TUC has wisely invited the whole ETU executive along. At least two of its members are opposed to the Communist leadership. Their presence should help to ensure that a balanced picture is presented, to put it mildly. The ETU leaders have received the news at the same time as their equally disturbing election results. The details of these have not been published, but there is every reason to suppose that the anti-Communist vote has increased, a development which strengthens the TUC's hand. It will be interesting to see what steps the ETU now take to meet a critical situation. By this decision and by their expressed desire to examine the whole question of shop stewards in industry, the TUC have demonstrated that they are concerned about the image of trade unionism forming in the public mind and are even prepared to act.

Flash-point in Iraq

Events in Iraq seem to be moving towards a crisis, though apart from the fact that General Kassem is still alive – confirmed by a *Daily Mail* reporter who has seen him – nothing seems certain. In Beirut, the principal source of uncensored news from Iraq, the assassination attempt was assumed to be the work of the Nasserites, as the prelude to a *coup*. This has also been the theme of the Iraqi Communist press, and it is to some extent confirmed by the government, which has accused the United Arab Republic of massing troops on the Syrian-Iraqi border. An alternative view, also freely canvassed, is that the Communist themselves may have decided that the time had come to remove Kassem and obtain a foothold in the government. So far Kassem's function has been to hold the balance between the Communists and the Nasserites. It may be that this is no longer possible, and that a show-down must soon take place. Arab opinion outside Iraq seems to favour the triumph of the Nasserites, as the lesser of two evils; businessmen in particular believe that the present uncertainty, which has brought the country's economic life virtually to a standstill, cannot continue. A substantial section of the Army, it is said, is ready to intervene, possibly with military backing from the UAR; equally, King Hussein of Jordan has announced his readiness to act, though in his own hereditary interests, not Nasser's. But this would almost automatically invoke further intervention by the great powers – and even, it is possible, by the Israeli government, too. The best hope of peace therefore lies, as before, in the maintenance of Kassem's authority.

The Dirty Air

The coincidence of the arrival of autumn's cold, wet air with its intimations of smog, and a Coal Board advertising campaign suggesting that 'There's nothing so cosy as a nice coal fire' is unfortunate. There is nothing quite so dirty either. This winter millions of coal fires will make their black contribution to the polluted air. In spite of the improvements in recent years – for which much is due to the National Society for Clean Air, now celebrating its 60th anniversary – the problem of dirty air remains a grave one. Every year 26.5 million working days are lost through chronic respiratory diseases – equal to the whole productivity of a city the size of Newcastle-on-Tyne. The incidence of lung cancer in industrial communities is ten times as high as in rural areas. Coal, of course, is not exclusively responsible for this situation, but it is worth recalling that the Beaver Report stated that 19 million tons of coal was being burned in houses in black areas; despite the Report's warning the situation remains substantially unchanged. But while the Coal Board's researches into premium smokeless fuels are, at best, progressing and have now become one of the most vital facets of its work, there is little evidence that anyone is paying equally serious attention to another form of pollution – diesel fumes on the roads. The filthy condition of many vehicles is now creating a public nuisance. The present regulations which require 'damage to any property or injury to person' by these vehicles to be shown are clearly inadequate. This is not a difficult source of pollution to check, however annoying any regulations might be to vehicle owners

News from Our Own Correspondents

Paris

The Mitterrand Affair

Our Paris Correspondent writes: The political atmosphere in Paris took a strange turn after the Assembly debate on Algeria. Everyone knew that an anti-parliamentary conspiracy had been prepared—and perhaps had only been thwarted at the last minute—but nobody was in possession of enough hard facts to expose it publicly. Was it simply a trial of strength within the ranks of the UNR, aimed at replacing M. Debré by M. Soustelle and M. Chalandon by M. Delbecque? Or was it a more fundamental plot, to overthrow General de Gaulle himself? Journals such as *L'Express* and *France-Observateur*, which attempted to explore the part played by a number of military commanders in the 'operation', were confiscated by the police and charged with 'undermining the morale of the Army'. Then came a political bombshell: the extreme-right weekly *Rivarol* published an article claiming that the assassination attempt against M. François Mitterrand on the night of 15 October was a fake, organised by the Senator himself to bring about police action against his opponents, 'the patriots of French Algeria'. Though scarcely credible, this revelation had the effect desired: it shifted attention from the real plot against the government onto the ramifications of 'the Mitterrand Affair', which now crowd the front pages of the papers.

In the long run, I am sure, M. Mitterrand will be able to establish the truth, and this complex manoeuvre by the right may end in the discomfiture of its authors. The court which has now taken legal cognisance of the affair will, in effect, have first to establish the standing of those involved, such as Messrs Pesquet and Dahuron, who claim that their object is to 'defend French interests'; whence they got their money and machine-guns to fire at French senators; and the authorship of threatening letters sent to left-wing politicians and journalists. No doubt, if this business is thoroughly investigated, the Red Hand organisation, which has already committed terrorist acts in West Germany, Belgium, Switzerland and Italy, against Algerian nationalists and those who supply them with arms, will be found to be implicated. It is no accident that M. Pesquet, Mitterrand's chief 'accuser', is also the friend and associate of a certain Berthommier, who was recently arrested at the Belgian frontier in possession of plastic bombs. Both of them are one-time Poujadist deputies, now 'politically unemployed' but extremely active in 'patriotic causes'.

This said, those who believe that M. Mitterrand is the victim of a machination organised by Ex-Inspector Dides, who was fired by the Senator in 1954, may well think that Mitterrand was extremely unwise to meet such a dubious character as Pesquet. In normal times, such a criticism would be justified, but not in Paris, in 1959. In this city, where the constant topic of conversation is the counter-terrorist campaign, where even men close to the Elysée give public warnings about 'professional killers who have already crossed the Spanish frontier', where left-wing papers are warned almost daily against plans to dynamite their offices, is it surprising that such an obviously marked man as Mitterrand should agree to talk to somebody who came to warn him about an attempt on his life?

The trouble with French left-wing leaders, from Blum to Mendès-France, is that they consistently underestimate the sheer Machiavellian lack of scruples of their opponents on the right. They are ill-equipped to deal with a certain type of political manoeuvre—the *Affaire des Fuites* in 1954 was a classic instance—because it never enters their heads that French public men, even from the far end of the political spectrum, can devise and execute such sordid schemes. For the moment it is Mitterrand's turn to fall into this trap.

Washington

Intelligence for Sale

The American public has been diverted for the past several weeks by a bizarre and depressing scandal which casts a lurid light on the country's popular culture. The occasion has been an investigation by a sub-committee of the House of Representatives into the operation of 'quiz shows' on television. Testimony before the committee has brought forth a picture of greed, collusion, and deceit which has seriously embarrassed the two leading television networks and damaged the standing of several popular heroes.

As recently as two years ago, these shows were the raging fashion on television. It seemed impossible to turn on a set at any time of the afternoon or evening without encountering some precocious youngster or picturesque adult about to win a fortune for answering some difficult factual questions. The producers of these shows tried various gambits to arouse and maintain audience interest. One was to pair off the contestants in intellectual duels where the cash reward rose each time the pair tied until finally one vanquished the other. The most famous of this type was 'Twenty-One' in which, it now develops, some of the deadheats were prearranged and at least some of the contestants briefed on the questions in advance. Another gambit was to find contestants whose special areas of expertise contrasted oddly with their sex or career. There was thus a woman psychologist who was an expert on prizefighting, a schoolboy who knew about the stock market, and a jockey who was an expert on art.

The quiz show craze began to fade more than a year ago when rumours became widespread that the contests were 'fixed'. A New York grand jury indicted a minor producer for perjury in denying that he had helped any contestant, but the main result of its lengthy inquiry was a 'presentment' which the judge refused to make public because it contained serious allegations about individuals without providing them an opportunity to reply. By a curious kind of judicial ethics, however, the judge made the document and the minutes of the grand jury available to the House sub-committee which has proceeded to re-hash the grand jury's work and mostly in open session. The sub-committee has jurisdiction because it was set up to investigate the six independent regulatory agencies, one of which—the Federal Communications Commission—has jurisdiction over television.

When the committee, now in recess, resumes its hearings early in November the first witness is expected to be Charles Van Doren, the most celebrated of the quiz show winners. He won $129,000 on 'Twenty One' by demonstrating what appeared to be a mastery of an extraordinarily wide range of information. A member of a distinguished literary family (both his father and his uncle won Pulitzer Prizes for their writings), he was an instructor in English literature at Columbia University when his television performances made him famous. After finally losing on a comparatively simple question (he could not give the name of the present King of Belgium), he was rewarded by the National Broadcasting Company with a $50,000-a-year contract and assigned to one of its daily news broadcasts. Van Doren was such a success because not only was he brilliant and the bearer of a distinguished name, but also because he was handsome in a clean-cut, curly-haired 'American' way, and because he was so uninhibited in expressing anguished concentration, dramatic surprise, and elation. Other witnesses have now testified that producers of the show provided advice on biting the lips, mopping the brow, and contorting the face as well as advance information on the questions to be asked.

Van Doren swore under oath to the grand jury that he received no help of any kind. After first volunteering to testify before the committee, he ignored its invitation to appear and then eluded its subpœna for several days. Once a hero who received 20,000 fan letters and whose performances made 'Twenty-One' one of the ten most popular shows on television, he has now been suspended from his job by NBC.

No one emerges from the investigation with honour. The contestants whose revelations broke the scandal all kept the money which they had 'won'. The television networks have been shown to have abdicated effective control over their shows to 'independent packagers', who devise and operate them, and to the private sponsors whose products are advertised on them. The producers of these entertainment packages blandly defend their deception of the viewing public as necessary to make the quizzes lively and interesting. The House sub-committee has scolded the Federal Communications Commission for not detecting and exposing these manipulations, but the Commission disavows any authority in the matter.

Only a few critics have raised the fundamental question whether there is not some better way to organise television than merely to give the channels free to private individuals who then exploit them relentlessly for the maximum private profit. This is a question to which the present House quiz is not likely to provide any useful answer.

WILLIAM V. SHANNON

Fleet Street

The Moderate Family Man

After a preliminary canter round the place to get his bearings, Mr Roy Thomson, Britain's newest newspaper tycoon, is now moving in and taking a grip on his empire. In five days' time the name Kemsley is to be formally taken from the title of Kemsley Newspapers and Thomson substituted. Mr Thomson is not a man to leave any relics of an earlier dynasty lying about. Nor, I gather, does he intend to leave any doubt that the Thomson way of running newspapers is very different from the Kemsley. The question that is provoking Fleet Street is whether it will prove so different that it will compel the rest of the newspaper industry to alter too. Has Mr Thomson brought any new tricks with him from the other side of the Atlantic, where his newspaper chains in Canada and the US, although profitable, are not known to have set any prairies alight?

Mr Thomson is the first new newspaper owner to make his debut here in 30 years. The Fleet

Street establishment is naturally suspicious of strangers. Has Mr Thomson brought along anything new in the way of a philosophy of newspaper publishing which may compel it to sit up and take notice? Although it is too early to say definitely yet, the answer may be yes. Mr Thomson indeed may prove to be just what is needed to give newspapers a jolt. He has, of course, so far, no national daily; but he acquires newspapers with much the same vigour as Mr Clore acquires companies. And he undoubtedly has his ambitions. As it is he now controls, in numbers of papers although not in circulation, the largest conglomeration of daily, evening and Sunday newspapers in the country. And because a fair number of his provincial papers enjoy local monopolies or near monopolies, what he does with them can in some ways have a more direct influence on the newspaper reading public than any changes in one or other of the nationals. Newspaper readers in Sheffield, Newcastle, Middlesbrough, Blackburn, Cardiff and other towns and cities in many parts of the country, but particularly in the North, are increasingly going to see the image of this hard-headed journalism-as-a-business man in what they read.

Meanwhile Mr Thomson has been trying his hand first on the weakest sister in the former Kemsley chain, the *Sunday Graphic*. The *Graphic* is approximately the same size as the *Sunday Pictorial*, but has less than one-fifth of its readers. Under Kemsley, who lately kept most of his interest for the *Sunday Times*, the *Graphic* has been losing circulation steadily. Its last ABC figure was under 900,000, which in these days has become almost a derisory figure for a paper allegedly 'popular', and it has lost close on 75,000 readers in the last year. Can Thomson reverse the trend? And if he does can he in the process find a formula applicable to his other popular papers?

For some years the accepted practice in Fleet Street when a paper is failing is to look at the more successful and try to copy them. Newspapers have been the great imitators – the number of new ideas circulating in Fleet Street over the last decade or two could practically be counted on the fingers of one hand. Mr Thomson's new model *Sunday Graphic*, which appeared for the first time last Sunday, backed by a fairly massive advertising campaign, is not startling. But at least it has the merit of not being simply an imitation. It is not a second-hand copy of one of the ideas Mr Cecil King and Mr Hugh Cudlipp threw away. Indeed it is notable that, whereas the *Sunday Pictorial*, faced with a recent drop in circulation, is turning more and more to the old-fashioned formula of bigger and better crime, with true confessions of convicted murderers splashed all over the place, Mr Thomson bends his mind to quieter pastures. To eyes glazed by Fleet Street stardust, Mr Thomson's new *Graphic* has indeed a slightly out-modish air. It is a little like the papers middle-class parents used to read a generation ago – which indeed many Canadian papers still are. This may derive from Mr Thomson's Canadian experience. Or it may be that during his preliminary warming up as a newspaper proprietor in Scotland he has got around to studying a phenomenon Fleet Street has largely ignored – the *Sunday Post*, printed in Glasgow. (Although lamentably old hat by Fleet Street standards, the *Post* has succeeded, contrary to all the theories, in saturating its own market to a degree untouched by any other Sunday paper in Britain. It remains completely unaffected by the challenges of the more sensational.) There is also, it is worth noting, a certain flavour of the cosier family TV programmes about the new *Graphic*. It may turn out that Mr Thomson has noted what others have overlooked: that, despite all the teenagers in the headlines, there is a good deal of family life still going on in Britain. The new *Graphic* is technically nothing dazzling – but no one as yet has any convincing evidence that the mass reader is as interested in techniques as journalists are: certainly *News of the World* readers haven't been for a hundred years or so. There is a lot of cosy reading in the new *Graphic* and something for every member of the family. If to a jaundiced eye it all looks a little like mediocrity writ large, who is to say that Mr Thomson is out of step with his public on that account?

Meanwhile the other trend discernible in Mr Thomson's activities so far is a desire, not so much to play down politics, as to neutralise them. Mr Thomson is not a particularly politically-minded character himself. He is not in journalism to influence people but to sell papers to them. He likes to think of himself as running public utilities. Thus he is perfectly ready to contemplate some of his provincial papers being Labour while others are Conservative, according to the areas in which they operate. In so far as his national papers deal with politics he wants them, one suspects, to do so in a way which will offend no one. The *Sunday Times* has become appreciably more liberal. Mr Thomson, in fact, is the moderate family man in journalism. Being so has paid off handsomely in Canada. Will it pay off here?

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Westminster

Reform on a Tightrope

'I am no mathematician,' said the Prime Minister, 'but it seems to me that the speeches made in moving and seconding the address are always above the average.' Certainly the speeches made at the opening of this new Parliament by Mr Tiley and Mr Gardner were as good as any heard since the war. Unhappily nothing else about the opening came up to their level.

The few concrete proposals in the Queen's Speech were enveloped in a liberal-tinted haze of generalisations – in the Commonwealth they will 'foster the spiritual values which form our common heritage', they will initiate an inquiry into the Companies Act; they 'will work for a just and reasonable settlement' in the fishery dispute, etc., etc. Mr Gaitskell did try to extract something more specific from the Prime Minister about the summit – 'How was it that the Prime Minister during the election had said that the date of the

summit would be announced in a few days? Had General de Gaulle and Dr Adenauer agreed to this? If not, why did the Prime Minister say it? If they had agreed, had they now changed their minds?' But to all of this, Mr Macmillan replied only in further generalisations.

With the bulk of Gaitskell's speech being rendered inaudible by a handful of his own supporters who still persist in carrying on guerilla warfare with a handful of equivalents on the other side, and with the Prime Minister indulging in elaborately prepared badinage, not much of it funny, it was an unsatisfactory day – and a bad augury for the new parliament.

Yet the possibilities of this parliament are intensely interesting. The first bill which the government intends to bring forward is to deal with pockets of unemployment and consists mainly in stepping up the inducements to private enterprise to build works in special areas. The inducements so far offered have not been particularly effective, and Labour, sceptical about the effect of still further inducements, is likely to press the government to build and operate factories on its own account, for which it already possesses the necessary statutory powers.

Then there is education. The size of classes cannot be reduced without a great increase in the number of teachers and a substantial increase in the number of schools. Since the teachers' training course is now to be extended, there will be one year with no new entrants into the profession, so that the shortage will become more acute; and even when the flow is resumed it cannot hope to catch up with the new school-age bulge which is due to reach its peak in 1968. Unless, therefore, there is a greatly increased expenditure on education, the size of classes at the end of this parliament is likely to be greater than today. But, unless the government is prepared to vary its block grant policy, the only possibility of increasing expenditure is by raising the rates, a prospect which makes most local government authorities quiver like jellies.

The question, therefore, is whether the government, having put out a prospectus which looks conservative only in its vagueness, will in practice be prepared to adopt such non-conservative measures as state-operated factories or specific educational grants, if and when other methods are shown to fail. And that brings up the further question of whether, even if it is prepared to, it will be allowed to by its own supporters. At present commentators are tending to concentrate on possible divisions in the Labour party; but they may soon tire of shooting at Mr Jay, when they realise that this particular bird is not only sitting, but stuffed, and turn for a change to the real possibility of Tory divisions.

It is probable that Macmillan intends to end his career with this present parliament. If that is so, his personal interest in the Conservative party is likely to decline. He will see himself soaring into the summit-sphere, a Winston of peace, leaving the mundane management of the party to such men as Mr Butler and Mr Macleod. These two gentlemen clearly foresee that the Tory party cannot hope to maintain its present dominance unless it acts liberal. But on the benches behind them they have floggers, hangers, nigger-shooters, strike breakers, capital gainers and expense account operators, most of whom are prepared to be good for a time but who feel that there are limits. The shadow of defeat helps to keep such men and women sober. But they may find success intoxicating and, if that happens, the Conservative could well, for a change, become more interesting than the Labour party.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

What Now in Central Africa?

LAST June I sat in the little white-washed courtyard of Gwelo prison. Seated beside me on a rough wooden bench, shaded from the hot sun by a leafy tree, were four black men in their pyjamas. The dominant figure was a volatile, grey-haired, face-lined little man whom I had known for many years as a doctor, first in Willesden and then in Kumasi. It was Dr Hastings Banda. With him were his lieutenants, H. B. Chipembere and D. K. Chisiza. These men were under the Queen's protection, yet they were confined and are still confined in this prison courtyard without being charged with any criminal act, without having broken any law, without recourse to any Court of Justice. Five hundred of their fellow countrymen are similarly confined either in gaol or in Kanjedza Camp outside Blantyre.

I talked with Dr Banda and his colleagues for an hour. The most important question I put to them was: 'On what terms are you prepared to negotiate with a British government?' Their answer: 'With the Tories, our minimum terms are the Labour Party's policy – a majority in the Nyasaland Legislative Council and equality in the Executive. And we should not trust them an inch. With Callaghan, Bottomley and you, we will start from scratch. We trust Labour'.

As I watched the election results on the television screen I was thinking of Dr Banda and his colleagues in that prison courtyard. They would soon be reading the grim news in the Rhodesian papers; so would Kenneth Kaunda in his Northern Rhodesian gaol; Harry Nkumbula in his little house amongst the trees outside Lusaka; Rose Chibambo nursing her child in Zomba gaol; and Orton Chirwa organising his caretaker Malawi Congress in Blantyre. They would soon learn they were facing another Tory government. Their hopes of starting afresh with Labour would be dashed for five years.

What then are these African leaders to do now? In Southern Rhodesia it will make little difference. No British government can have much influence there. There have in fact been more signs of liberal advance recently in Southern Rhodesia than in either of the other two territories. Intelligent white opinion was shocked by the events of early this year and the formation of the Central Africa Party by Garfield Todd reflected a new desire to present a non-racial alternative to the dominant policy of white supremacy. Garfield Todd's popularity with the Africans, the adherence to his party of many former Congress members, and the proof already given that Africans will play a full part in party development, has presented quite a new challenge to the country. Guy Clutton-Brock even told me that he believed Southern Rhodesia would work out a healthier racial pattern if it were relieved of its feeling of power over the other two territories and its fear of African nationalism in the North. The fundamental problem which is still to be faced by the CAP, however, is how to gain political influence with an electorate almost entirely white.

In Nyasaland there is complete deadlock. The governor and his government simply refuse to face the fact that the country is still in a state of crisis. They talk in terms of a two-year study of the problem and appear to believe that by nominating one or two new African members they will win the masses away from nationalism. The fact that the only two Africans of any stature outside Congress, T. D. T. Banda and Wellington Chirwa, whom they had hoped to groom as moderates, have sensibly refused their kiss of death and are as unreservedly opposed to government policy as is Dr Banda, does not seem to have shaken their complacency. Now that Orton Chirwa, the legal adviser of Congress, has been released and has established his Malawi Congress openly to hold the ring until Dr Banda's return, they may perhaps have to reconsider their blind optimism. It is certainly to be hoped that before long they will begin to face reality and recognise that they are sitting on a powder keg. For the most dangerous aspect of the Nyasaland situation is that the Africans reasonably believe that their opposition to federation and to the undemocratic trends in Nyasaland itself went unheeded until they began to throw stones and build road blocks. Either the government quickly shows a genuine intention to discuss the future of the country with the nationalists, or the Nyasas will put the lesson they have learnt into further practice and use more violence to bring their grievances to the attention of the world.

Northern Rhodesia has always been the key to Central Africa. Not only are its copper revenues the main economic support of the federation and thus the chief attraction to Southern Rhodesians, but its political developments will very largely determine whether Central Africa follows the South African or East African pattern. Nothing can prevent Nyasaland eventually becoming fully governed by Africans. In Northern Rhodesia, however, there are ten times as many Europeans, strongly entrenched not only in agriculture but in the mines and on the railways. The constitution introduced last year sets the country on the federal and Southern Rhodesian political road. The limited franchise and grossly overweighted constituencies give the Europeans a dominant position in the legislature, whilst the dangerous grant of responsibility to the members of the executive opens the way to self-government on the Southern Rhodesian model. If the Africans had been as cohesive as their brothers in Nysaaland there would have been a great deal more trouble in Northern Rhodesia than in Nyasaland. But the African movement, both political and trade union, has been and still is divided. It would be folly to believe that this weakness has in any way diminished African opposition to the present constitution or to federation. All parties to the struggle are united on these issues. The attempt of Welensky's United Federal Party, led here by John Roberts, to seduce the African masses into supporting a multi-racial system based on preserving the white minority in permanent power has been quite unsuccessful.

In Northern Rhodesia, Garfield Todd's CAP, led by Sir John Moffat, may have a particular significance. It already has four members in the legislature, and if it can present a bold non-racial alternative policy, complementing rather than competing with the Congresses, it might both hold back the tide of white domination and give the Africans time to settle their differences.

So far as the British government's impact on the situation is concerned, much still depends on the mandate given to Iain Macleod. The test of whether Macleod is facing reality will be his attitude to Dr Banda, what he does with the Central African Commission, and his policy towards the Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesian constitutions. If the new Colonial Secretary heeds the report of the Devlin Commission he will recognise that he has the choice between establishing personal confidence with Hastings Banda or facing the wrath of the entire Nyasaland nation. If he has any genuine desire for an objective assessment for the whole situation in Central Africa before the

1960 review conference, he will ensure that his Commission which is to be sent out to study the situation is unlimited in its freedom to propose both new forms of association between the three states and the right of secession in any one of them. He will also reconsider the whole structure of the commission, which, with its preponderance of federal supporters, can never secure any confidence from the Africans. If he wants to bring the two territories still under British control, Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland, back into the main stream of British colonial democratic progress, he will quickly tackle their two constitutions so as to ensure that the Africans are guaranteed the prospect of self-government.

Such major changes in Tory policy would, of course, be warmly welcomed by the Labour Party. The party has established itself as the main fount of democratic principle throughout the African continent. Its electoral defeat will not diminish this reputation. Only temporising with principle could do that. By its attacks in opposition it has already held back, and in some cases diverted, Tory support for the rush towards a white-dominated, independent Central African state. This vigilance will only be increased by the sight of the 100-strong Tory majority, for if one thing has emerged from this election, it is that all the voices on the side of sanity and of the best British traditions have supported the Labour Party in its colonial policy. There are now further tasks at hand. We have to study alternative forms of association for both Central and East Africa if the head-on clash of federation against secession is to be avoided. We have to strengthen the links between the party and the genuine democratic forces emerging in Africa.

I have believed, ever since early in 1953 it became apparent that the Tories would steam-roller federation through all opposition, that the Labour movement in Britain, apart from its political attack, should try to lay the foundations of a genuine democratic society in Central Africa. Many of our democratic roots in this country during this century have sprung from the loins of the adult education movement, through organisations like the WEA and the NCLC. Our own Labour movement owes as much to this, not only in the personalities which have emerged from it, but in heightened political awareness throughout the country. To help to establish such a movement in Central Africa would be a real contribution to the future of the democratic spirit there. It is not enough to create esoteric university extramural classes. What is needed is a real people's movement based on trade unions, co-operatives and political organisations, like that of West Africa. The reward in political consciousness, in industrial and social awareness, and in the growth of tolerance might well equal all our resolutions and parliament debates.

Central Africa is now in a very similar position to that of South Africa in 1909. In 1960, large areas of the continent like Nigeria, Somaliland and parts of French Africa will become independent under black rulers, whilst the Belgian Congo and Tanganyika will be pressing hard on their heels. The choice in Central Africa is one between trying to subdue the black masses, adding them to the helot society of South Africa, facing in fear and hostility the rest of the continent and driving the masses of the people into the arms of Communism and black nihilism; or of starting afresh by learning some of the lessons taught in West Africa, Cyprus and Tanganyika, whilst restoring African confidence in principles of the West. Both Mr Macleod and the Labour movement are on trial before this test.

JOHN HATCH

A Message to President Nasser

Brigadier-General Yig'al Allon, the author of this message, commanded the striking force of Haganah during the Zionist struggle against British rule. In the Arab-Israeli war of 1948 he commanded the Israeli troops on three fronts. At the end of this successful campaign he met, among other Egyptian officers, Colonel Nasser, and discussed with him the situation at the front before the armistice. General Allon is now an MP, a leader of the Labour movement and the Zionist Socialist Achdut Avodah Party, and Chairman of both the Jewish-Arab Labour Affiliation of Israel and the Israel-India Friendship League.

ELEVEN years ago, at the end of October, 1948, I had the rare opportunity of meeting a group of Egyptian senior officers on the Southern front of Israel – part of the Egyptian Army which was encircled by our forces in the Faluja pocket. Colonel Gamal Abdel Nasser was one of them. The eleventh anniversary of this event makes me think once more of all the unnecessary bloodshed and suffering that took place during this time as a result of the absurd and deplorable state of war which is still existing between our countries. And I said to myself, if I had again, today, an opportunity of meeting Colonel Nasser in his presidential capacity, or any other influential Arab leader, and of discussing matters with them, perhaps I could tell them a few things that would at least make them think in a different way about our common problems. Such an opportunity being, unfortunately, out of the question at the moment, I decided to try and commit to writing my part of the imaginary dialogue, then publish it in this journal, which has readers the world over, the Arab countries included. My opinions are, of course, strictly my own, though I am sure they express the feelings of a great majority of the people of Israel.

Gentlemen, I would have told such Arab leaders, if we sat opposite one another the way we did that day eleven years ago, you are doubtless well aware of the fact that Israeli leaders, including our prime minister, have repeatedly and publicly made it clear that our government is ready and willing to discuss with you directly a peace treaty. This is actually the reason why Israel agreed in the first place to sign the 1949 Armistice Agreements; it was Israel's hope that this would inevitably lead to a lasting peace. But all of you insist on maintaining a state of war.

As a citizen of both Israel and our great Middle Eastern region, I cannot envisage greater harm to both the area and its ancient peoples than this endless and artificial state of belligerency. The huge arms expenditure can be borne only at great economic sacrifice and the lowering of standards of living. Must we arm at the expense of our peoples when so much vital development work remains to be done in all our countries? This split between the nations of the Middle East is, as you know, being used by the big powers of both world blocs to penetrate our region. This, of course, endangers the independence of the new nations, including Egypt and Israel. It will, unless remedied, make these nations, which have struggled for so long for their sovereignty, increasingly dependent, both economically and politically, on the policies of the great powers.

If, Gentlemen, you insist on maintaining this abnormal state of belligerency because you do not recognise Israel's right to exist and are merely waiting for an opportune moment to strike, do not expect us to treat you as though normal peaceful relations existed. So long as your government regards itself as being engaged in hostilities, we shall continue to defend our existence. Even in this peaceful message I must make it crystal clear that the people of Israel are determined to defend themselves and are eminently competent to do so. Any future clash can lead only to needless bloodshed without in any way altering the fact of Israel's existence. I therefore appeal to you to think it over for the sake of the peoples of our region.

But if, as some Arab spokesmen suggest, you are maintaining a large standing Army because you believe that Israel harbours expansionist aims, let me hasten to reassure you. I solemnly declare that no such intentions exist. If this fear of expansion is really the main reason for your hostility, I am confident that some political agreement can be worked out, so that the necessary psychological atmosphere can be created to give the people of our region a proper sense of security. Israel does not constitute a menace to the Arab world. On the contrary, she is most anxious to be a friend and ally. Israel would be dangerous only if she herself were threatened.

As you know, the Jewish people returned to Israel after a long period of exile and suffering. They went back not only to their historic homeland, but also to their native continent and age-old neighbours. The historic record, both of Moslem and Jew, as well as the similarity of our Semitic languages, are evidence of the fact that Arabs and Jews may consider themselves not merely as neighbours but also as brethren. Their common cultural background and common interests (though perhaps this is not at present noticeable) are, I believe, something on which close future relations can be based, inaugurating a great new era for the entire Middle East.

This region is normally regarded as an underdeveloped area. But at the same time it offers to its peoples tremendous hopes, if properly developed and harnessed, for the welfare of its peoples. We have in this area enough natural wealth, oil and water, minerals and manpower, know-how and technological ability to make the Middle East the envy of other less blessed regions. We stand at the crossroads of the world's great communications routes.

From every point of view – economic and political, cultural and strategic – I believe that the ultimate solution for the entire region lies in the creation of a regional organisation, a Middle East commonwealth of sovereign nations, interdependent on each other for economic, political, cultural, scientific and defensive co-operation. This confederation would not only secure adequate national autonomy for all member states, but also ensure the presence of an efficient organisation to prevent conflict within the region and to establish it as a powerful instrument able to eradicate poverty, disease and illiteracy and to make a considerable contribution to the peace of the world.

Such a plan may be regarded as Utopian while peace does not exist between Israel and her neighbours. But regardless of whether this scheme is acceptable to the Arab governments in the region or not, it is an undeniable fact that peace is needed equally by all parties. I therefore maintain that it is high time to make peace. But if some Arab governments find it difficult for domestic reasons to move immediately from a state of war to complete peace and feel that a transitional period is required, I would suggest that the desirable alternative should not lie be-

'Good Mornings' begin with 1,500 tons of very special steel

F. H. HAPPOLD *For most of his working life F. H. Happold has been a journalist writing mainly on economic, industrial and financial subjects.*

He has studied the British industrial scene from almost every angle over 25 years, and believes he recognises outstanding business efficiency when he comes across it.

F. H. Happold, distinguished industrial journalist, finds a story behind his morning shave.

A RAZOR BLADE weighs one-fortieth of an ounce. It is 4/5 thousandths of an inch thick.

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Automatic machinery–covering acres of floor – punches, hardens, tempers, lacquers, prints, grinds, strops and hones the blades all day long. And the steel for this rapid continuous production must be as flawless as the finished blade. It must be absolutely uniform.

At one time the supply of this special razor blade steel came from abroad. But a Stocksbridge steel firm tackled the job of producing it and quickly became master of the intricate technique.

NOW IT'S EARNING DOLLARS

Mr. J. F. Kayser, hard-headed North country Gillette metallurgist, was emphatic: "There's no better razor blade steel in the world than the special steel made in Britain."

So good is the British product that even in America the use of British razor blade steel is increasing, thus adding to our dollar earnings.

How was it done? In terms of plant, it meant brand new electric furnaces, rolling mills, instruments and so on, with new buildings to house them. It meant a major research effort. Above all, it called for the closest collaboration between experienced steelmakers and the experts in razor blade manufacture.

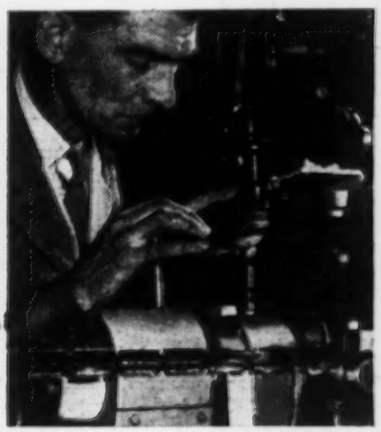
NOT JUST RAZOR BLADES...

The morning shave is but one of the thousands of ways in which special steels enter our daily lives. We use them in vacuum cleaners, washing machines, typewriters, motor cars, hair clips, needles and scissors – and a host of other everyday objects. Each one has probably called on the specialised knowledge and devotion of teams of technologists and skilled workers in both the steelmaking and manufacturing firms.

Britain needs the accumulated wisdom and diverse abilities of every one of her three hundred and more steel companies. Without their ready, informal co-operation with steel users, industrial progress would grind to a halt.

This personal report was invited by the British Iron & Steel Federation, which believes that everyone in Britain should know the facts about steel and about the men who make it.

ROD REVITT, first hand melter at a Stocksbridge steel firm, taps 70 tons of molten steel from an electric arc furnace. This is the first step in making razor blades.



MACHINES LIKE THIS must turn out blades by the million – and to keep them running smoothly the special steel used must be as flawless as the finished blades.

tween a state of war, which is dangerous to all, or a peace agreement, which is not yet acceptable to yourselves, but in an intermediary agreement, such as a non-aggression pact, which may prevent future clashes and lead ultimately to a full settlement. This would be not only a safeguard against hostilities, but also help to create the psychological atmosphere for a final settlement. There can, of course, be many suggestions for such a transitional period, and what I am suggesting to you now is intended only as a basis for discussion. I submit these eight points:

(1) A condition *sine qua non*: the state of belligerency must be ended.

(2) Cessation of all forms of warmongering, including bellicose speeches, hate propaganda and military incursions. Let us try to prevent the enmity between our countries, which is poisoning the youth and turning into a permanent hatred, from becoming impossible to eradicate even when the governments may be ready to think it over again.

(3) All parties should insist that the Middle East be excluded from interference on the part of the world blocs and left to conduct its own affairs.

(4) Strategic and political arrangements should be made to prevent the possibility of sudden attack on countries within the region.

(5) To prevent violations of such an agreement, mixed observer units composed of Israelis and Arabs should be set up. These units would be commanded by officers of both sides and, if desirable, accompanied by UN observers. They would be empowered to control the border line in order to prevent surprise attacks.

(6) Discussions on ways of solving the refugee problem (both Arab refugees from Palestine and Jewish refugees from Arab countries) should be held before a final peace settlement. The question of compensation for property lost by both these categories should be considered as soon as a transitional agreement is concluded.

(7) Initial followed by regular contact should be established between the parties concerned. This can be done if the respective governments authorise their Ambassadors in, say, Switzerland or Poland to meet to discuss problems as they crop up. A precedent for this has been established by Washington and Peking, whose representatives in Warsaw are authorised to make contact as required.

(8) If such a transitional agreement should prove itself workable it would provide for common use of available communications and possibly other facilities. Israel, for example, would grant the UAR or other Arab countries signatories to such an agreement the use of her land communications and transit rights and provide free dock facilities for countries not having access to the Mediterranean seaboard. In exchange, Israel would enjoy land and sea communications to Africa, as well as to Turkey and the Persian Gulf, through Arab territory.

The proposals should by no means be construed as a sign of weakness. Any such interpretation is erroneous. They are merely a sincere approach to the problem's solution, in the absence of any other means of communication. Let all good citizens of our respective nations remember the thousands of lives, Arab and Jewish, lost since 1948 in this long period of hostility which, if continued, can lead only to further deadlock, poverty and disaster.

This – and more – is what I would have to say to Arab Leaders if we could only meet. But, alas, they are still 'sore' at us. Israel can do no more than wait for the light to penetrate and for a change of mind and attitude. Until then, Israel stands prepared.

YIG'AL ALLON

London Diary

WHY does General de Gaulle seem to dislike the summit so much? Various reasons have been put forward: the General is anxious to explode his own A-bomb first; he wants to have his own private tête-a-tête with Krushchev; he wants to get a peace-settlement in Algeria before plunging into major international talks. All of these are no doubt convincing explanations. But this week a French friend, who knows de Gaulle as well as anyone can know him, gave me a different reason. De Gaulle, he said, feels himself psychologically ill-fitted for the summit type of negotiation. He is fundamentally a shy man, who is at his best in a monologue or, if necessary, a dialogue. He favours bi-lateral talks with allies and opponents—hence his anxiety for a meeting with Krushchev – but he dislikes any meeting attended by four or more powers on a level of equality. This, of course, involves having a chairman for each session, whose permission to speak must be requested. The General does not like asking anyone's permission to speak. This explanation suggests that the best way Macmillan and Eisenhower can get de Gaulle to the summit will be by emphasising the informality of the proceedings. But then the General is not a man who finds informality easy, either!

* * *

Though I ought long ago to have ceased to be surprised at the way in which the popular press handles news about Labour, I *was* surprised by the *Daily Mail's* handling of Mr Bernard Crick's important Fabian pamphlet, *Reform of the Commons*. Almost in an aside, Mr Crick repeats an old suggestion that, for the future, the pay of members of parliament should be tied to some grade in the civil service. The *Mail's* political correspondent, Mr Walter Terry, blows up this suggestion into a clamorous campaign by Socialist members for higher pay: 'Labour MPs ask for More' ran the headline on page one, across four columns, although there has been no discussion of, still less a demand for, a further increase in pay by any MP of any party, since the Macmillan government made the last increase in 1957. Actually the most important of Mr Crick's proposals is that the House of Commons Library should be expanded into a proper research organisation, similar to the Library of Congress, not just for the benefit of individual MPs but to enable Parliament as a whole to meet the executive on equal terms. At present the House of Commons has to take on trust most of the details prepared for the government by the Civil Service, in Blue Books and White Papers. But in America, Congress has its own machines for checking the proposals of the Executive and when, for example, it felt dissatisfied with the estimates for expenditure on the St Lawrence sea-way, it put that machine to work and was able to show that the executive's estimates were wildly extravagant. If Mr Crick's proposals were adopted here, the House of Commons could once again become a real check, on behalf of the common people, against the overwhelming power of the executive. Does the *Daily Mail*, which often campaigns against government waste or against Crichel Down type of tyranny, really not want such a check or is its staff not sufficiently educated politically to see the meaning of a proposal when it reads one? Or is it that the *Mail's* sole concern is to beat the Socialists and if it can't find a convenient stick it is prepared to invent one?

Queen Victoria once expressed her wish 'to give the Russians a good whipping' when the Tsar's policy annoyed her. Most people have a similar instinctive reaction when they hear about the violence of juvenile thugs – though they do not all express themselves with the uninhibited vehemence of women at Conservative Party conferences. But judges are supposed to take notice of evidence, and I was surprised to see the Lord Chief Justice advocating the revival of birching without even a reference to the carefully considered opinion of the expert departmental committee which in 1948, after full inquiry, found that judicial corporal punishment does not act as a deterrent. But judges in this country have seldom, if ever, studied criminology. Perhaps the creation of the new Institute of Criminology at Cambridge will provide them with an opportunity. By way of contrast, I read the courageous attack by Mr Justice Elwes at Durham last week on the laws about private homosexuality, in the case of the seventeen-year-old boy who hanged himself in a remand prison: 'If this boy had been at a public school he would have been handled intelligently and would not have been within a hundred miles of a dock – I can only hope that the way of reform will be made easier by this dreadful thing'.

* * *

Only those who have been to the White Highlands will realise the significance of the Kenya government's proposal to do away with racial distinction in land ownership and tenure. I recall my visit to a farm which was a paradise of beauty and plenty. I remember the owner showing me his coffee crop which in that year, with coffee something over £400 a ton, was, he told me, worth about £60,000. He had paid £100,000 for his farm. The work was done by Kikuyu who lived in stone-age conditions. The commonly made white case is that the Highlands were almost uninhabited before the Europeans poured money and brains into them, and that much of the Kikuyu land could be just as productive if similarly treated. But large areas of the White Highlands are, I believe, still not cultivated at all, and the furious European opposition against admitting even the best educated Africans has been based not on economic, but on racial, grounds. The importance of the new proposals is therefore mainly psychological. The proposed admission of Africans is hedged about with so many restrictions that it is doubtful if it is at present more than a symbolic genuflection towards racial equality. A farmer is to be allowed to lease to an African after first applying to a Divisional Board composed mainly of white farmers from the locality. This Board cannot turn down his application on racial grounds, and, if it does so on other grounds, there is an appeal to a further Board and to the Governor. To transfer freehold property between the races, permission has to be sought from the Boards and a Land Trust Corporation which will be composed of four Europeans, one African and one Asian. Immediate criticisms are that the government proposals would in practice allow Africans to become tenants of Europeans, thus entrenching the tenant-landlord relationship; that technical difficulties and the poverty of African farmers would result in only a negligible number of freehold transfers, and that the change would do little to remedy the acute land shortage among tribes like the Kikuyu. But that such a proposal should be made at all is significant of a great change in the European mind in Kenya.

* * *

How much I wonder do the British people, in spite of their cherished reputation, really care about cruelty to animals? When that dreadful

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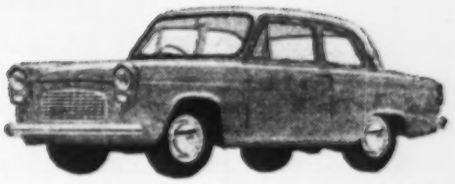
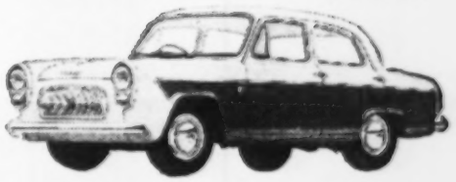


NEW POPULAR



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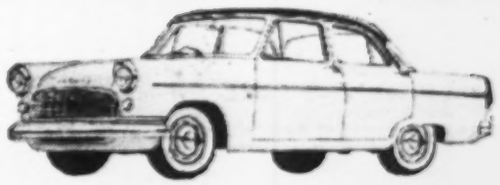
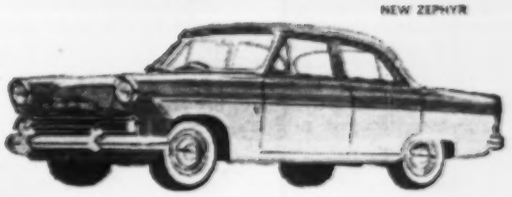


NEW CONSUL

NEW ZEPHYR



NEW ZODIAC

cargo of monkeys arrived here last month *en route* for Rotterdam, there was a brief newspaper sensation. Everyone was horrified that out of a cargo of 300, as many as 125 of these animals should have died on the journey from Singapore; then the press – and presumably most of the public – forgot all about it. These monkeys are transported to supply us with polio vaccine, so we have a responsibility to see that they do not suffer in transit. I am told by the RSPCA that their officer in Singapore has won a promise from the shippers that monkeys will not be carried by sea except in 'special circumstances'. The society is also hopeful of winning the support of the Singapore government. But the shipping of monkeys is highly profitable and, unless something further is done, it would be over optimistic to hope that as a result of protests in Singapore and in India, where the monkeys are captured (often with great cruelty), all the traffic will be at once transferred to the much more tender mercies of air transport. I gather that there are no adequate grounds for prosecution in last month's case. It is shocking that no one can be made responsible for such cruelty. The captain and crew did their best to alleviate the pain and suffering in this case, but I believe that the one effective method would be for captains to know that they are responsible for the condition in which the animals arrive. If captains are liable to prosecution, they will refuse such cargoes, and the effect will be immediate in Singapore and India.

* * *

I have been taken to task for saying last week that the speakers at the Chinese Fair seemed 'almost wholly uncritical and propagandist'. I apologise for an exaggeration. Dr Needham, for instance, the immensely learned historian of Chinese science, delivered an elaborate paper on the history of China and its tradition of co-operation. This correction does not, of course, alter my point – that friends of China would be wise to avoid the mistake made by friends of the USSR, to whom everything was good in Russia until Krushchev upset the apple cart and left them wondering how to pick up the apples.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

It appears that the rumpus reached its climax when Lady Lewisham told the students: 'Often I found that where Socialist voters lived there were dirty milk bottles on the doorstep'. – *Daily Mirror*. (Colin Bainbridge.)

Mme Ginette Spanier, English director of Balmain's fashion house, warned the 'sex kitten' she'd have to 'cover up' for the Queen. Brigitte refused. Finally, after 90 minutes of heated argument, a compromise, revealed by Mme Spanier in her book *It's Not All Mink*, was reached. Brigitte's dress was given a shutter-type decolletage that could be raised at the Queen's approach. – *Daily Mail*. (Harold E. Green.)

He said: 'What would happen today if you could get rid of the Christian Witness and the Brotherhood testimony? We would become increasingly pagan, and up and up would go our rates because sin costs a lot of money.' – *East Anglian Daily Times*. (A. Percival.)

The prize 28-year-old Mr Denis Daines and his wife Eileen were told last night they had won is a free week-end at a nudist camp. Said Mr Daines: 'Me, a nudist? No, I'm C. of E. – but I'll try it, with pleasure'. – *Daily Express*. (Anon.)

The Double Image

IF we are to draw healthy conclusions for the future, we had better not minimise the extent and gravity of the Labour Party's recent defeat.

Everything was in our favour. Our campaign was run vigorously and efficiently. Technically it outstripped the Tories. Hugh Gaitskell himself was unflagging and, I thought, effective. Morgan Phillips did well at Transport House. Harold Wilson's reorganisation was showing dividends. Our television programmes excelled. Local Party members had returned to the fray in increased, if not full, force. We had a better programme to offer than the Tories – and a more attractive one.

And other factors were against them. They had a record which included Suez, Hola, Cyprus and the Devlin Report, any one of which should have proved fatal. For flags they had Selwyn Lloyd nailed limply to their mast in foreign affairs and Duncan Sandys, who thought his functions as a Minister of Defence were fulfilled by promising to ensure the annihilation of his own country if conventional war broke out in Europe.

Above all, they were bucking the swing of the electoral pendulum when its pressure must have been at maximum; for, to survive, Macmillan had to achieve the record of a third successive win for his Party. He did it in a canter; with seats to spare. If these enormous handicaps had been absent, quite clearly he would have inflicted upon us not a defeat, substantial as it was, but a rout.

We should be wise to recognise this. For, if we seek to interpret the event as a mere 'setback', we may be slack in ensuring that the next chapter is a new chapter. The greatest pitfall ahead of us is the re-establishment of the *status quo ante* election. It will be all too tempting, all too hard to resist the agonised cries for unity – based on anything except policy – that are yet to come.

If the election itself was marked by only one serious blunder (and I must say I never thought to see the day when a Labour Party would seek to win votes by promising to protect the income-tax payer!), then the trouble, as is generally agreed, must be looked for in the preceding years.

Let us begin looking.

Douglas Jay has started the ball rolling and I salute his courage. He believes that during those years the Party presented a wrong (or at least an unpopular) 'image' to the electors because it was a traditionally Socialist image. This view has been contested and Mr. Jay has come in for some hard knocks, as no doubt he expected. But nobody in the course of the controversy has yet suggested, as I now wish to, that the real trouble with the image we have presented is that it has been a double image, that the focus has been consistently blurred.

Throughout these crucial years there has always been an influential group paying lip-service to the radical and Socialist traditions of the Party with a transparent lack of conviction that was incalculably damaging. For it resulted in the image of a Party that, even itself, did not really believe in its own principles. How then should electors be convinced of them? If a salesman shows little confidence in his wares, he must not complain of a shortage of purchasers; still less assume that the fault lies in the wares, not in himself. A voter, hearing Mr Jay on 'nationalisation', to which he now refers derogatorily as 'public monopoly' and which he is anxious to jettison, could hardly be inflamed with Socialist fervour. And Mr Jay, though first with his confession, is not alone, even if his sympathisers should hesitate now to range themselves publicly beside him.

But it is precisely this suppressed but discernible lack of conviction (or is it some instinct to appease the foe instead of challenging him?) that has created the double image. We profess a belief in Socialism but promise not to go farther than the re-socialisation of steel and road haulage – more, it would seem, as a matter of *amour propre* than conviction.

We pledge ourselves to transform the capitalist order into a Socialist community* and pretend to believe the trick can be turned by supporting private capitalist enterprises with State investments that carry no control.

We advocate a classless education but hesitate to tackle the public schools.

We denounce the H-bomb as 'a suicide weapon' but declare it necessary for 'influence' and negotiation and promise to keep it.

We proclaim ourselves the champion of colonial aspirations but failed to back Barbara Castle when she returned from Cyprus with the solution in her pocket.

We ask to be regarded as the defenders of the Health Service against those who would whittle it, though the whittling example was set by our own Leader when he was at the Exchequer.

Our Party in office was rent because of the excessive expenditure on Defence but, when the figure is doubled under the Tories, we offer no protest because George Brown is heard in the wings admitting all too audibly that it will be even higher if *he* ever succeeds to office.

We say that H-tests are iniquitous and indefensible but refuse to promise a stop to them; we'll only 'suspend' them. We hint that a Labour Government would never be the first to start a nuclear war but decline to make such a pledge in policy documents.

First we oppose the unilateral nuclear disarmament of Britain; then, when the pressure hots up, we accept it subject to conditions which have no serious chance of fulfilment.

We advocate a neutralised, disarmed Germany, though only a year or so earlier we had backed the Tories in pressing arms upon the Federal Republic, arms for the love of Adenauer.

We have brave words to say for personal liberty but are quick to purge the dissident from our ranks, condone the blatant suspension of elementary civil rights at the behest of the secret police, look the other way when trade unionists are 'sent to Coventry', shrink from democratising the voting machinery at Party Conferences, and so on.

And so, not surprisingly, we have suffered the fate of everyone who seeks to make the best of two worlds; the fate of falling between two stools.

No wonder the electorate could discern only a double image. Until we can bring the picture into sharp focus, it will make no adequate impact.

Why has there been this consistent duality? There are, I think, two reasons and one of them is Hugh Gaitskell.

He has asked us to abjure personalities. I take this to mean not that the mention of persons is taboo but that, when necessary to the argument, they should be mentioned without acrimony. This confronts me with no difficulty, for I like him and blame no man for his temperament.

But Gaitskell's temperament, fortified by training both as don and civil servant, inclines him fatally to the qualifying clause. Now it is im-

*Cf. Policy statement entitled *Personal Freedom*.

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possible to build a sharp effective image out of a welter of qualifying clauses. Only this temperamental quirk could have led him to wrangle stubbornly for the word 'suspend' instead of 'stop' when nuclear tests were under discussion or to refuse Frank Cousins's appeal to him, on this and other matters, to declare unambiguously what he was evidently only prepared to imply.

The residual effect of this kind of thing can only be the diffused impression that we don't really mean business, don't really mean what we *seem* to be saying.

Inside the Party, in the field of personal conflict, Gaitskell is bold and tenacious and a shrewd political card-player. But in the field of policy he is over-cautious and no less tenacious of this timidity. It is partly that he shrinks from unqualified commitment. It is partly that he suffers from the intellectual's delusion that the commas add to the score. In the politics they add only to the confusion – and to the electorate's ever latent mistrust. Dynamic politics are not 'merely a matter of drafting', yet he seems to believe that, if only ambivalence can be formulated firmly in phrases that disguise it, partisans to both sides of a question will have been won.

One extreme example, already cited, was the hope that the Non-Nuclear Club idea might be read as acceptance of nuclear disarmament among those who favoured it and as rejection among those who didn't. Another was the equally forlorn hope that the State purchase of shares in private enterprises might be construed by Socialists as an undermining and not an underpinning of capitalism. Both these ingenuities must have done incalculable harm to the Party image. Electors may not analyse but they have a sharp nose for the wrong kind of smell.

The other reason for the double image is, quite simply, that the Party contains two voices and two faces. And it is only fair to Gaitskell to remember that it is this hard fact, as well as temperament, that has led him again and again to the qualifying clause. The vast majority of Labour, whether it be wise of them or not, are radical and Socialist. But a potent minority exists that is neither. Some of them are able. Too many of them are in positions of influence. So long as this fundamental incongruity persists so will the double image.

The minority I refer to would, I dare say, deny that they are a minority at all. Very well; it is time the question were tested. Douglas Jay has flown a kite. His affinities, high and low, should have the courage and the honesty to support him. Let them move at the next Conference that those passages in the Party Constitution which commit us to a Socialised Britain be deleted; a commitment which they have told us often enough is outmoded.

Then, if they are defeated, of which I have little doubt, let them cross the floor of the House, leaving the Labour Party united at last.

I could promise that a potent whole-hearted Opposition would result, concentrating its full force on fundamentals rather than on the misuse of OHMS envelopes, and presenting an unblurred image that is the first condition of winning the next election, whenever it may come. For the health of the two-party system, the place of the Butskellites is with Mr Butler.

Alas, I am not sanguine that this challenge will be accepted. What I fear most is that the cracks will be papered over once again, the Labour Party devitalised still further and thus doomed to remain a permanent and diminishing Opposition. Can we not jerk back to single-mindedness in time, using the lessons of the recent fiasco as a primer to resurgence?

BENN W. LEVY

The Man Who Built a Cathedral

WHEN I was five or six the dominant figure in my life was not my mother, or my father, but Father Fitzgerald, the parish priest. He was indissolubly linked, in my mind, with the colossal church he caused to be built. Our house lay under its long shadow, only a hundred yards away. It was the centre of my universe and Father Fitzgerald was its inhabiting spirit. He was a squat man, just over five feet, with powerful shoulders and a barrel chest. His face, scorched and withered by the sun, was screwed up round a fierce glass eye, which to me always seemed more terrifyingly real than his good one. He was, everyone said, a rich man, but he lived in an atmosphere of grinding personal austerity; and when he lost his eye, he bought the cheapest glass one available. It fitted his eye socket very badly and caused him, I believe, a good deal of pain. One of the maids—a credulous Irish girl to be sure—told me that, when hearing confessions in his dark cubicle, he frequently took the glass eye out to ease the pain. The thought of a gaping, empty socket staring at me unseeingly in the darkness of the confessional frightened me so much that, in future, instead of going to Father Fitzgerald, I used to confess to his curate.

People were afraid of Father Fitzgerald for other reasons, too. He blazed with the wrath and majesty of God, and treated his humble, working-class parishioners like a Prince-Archbishop from the Rhine. His religion was Old Testimental, compounded of brimstone, thunderbolts, maledictions and threats. His mission, as he saw it, was twofold: first, to bully and goad his flock along the road to salvation, second to raise huge monuments to the glory of God.

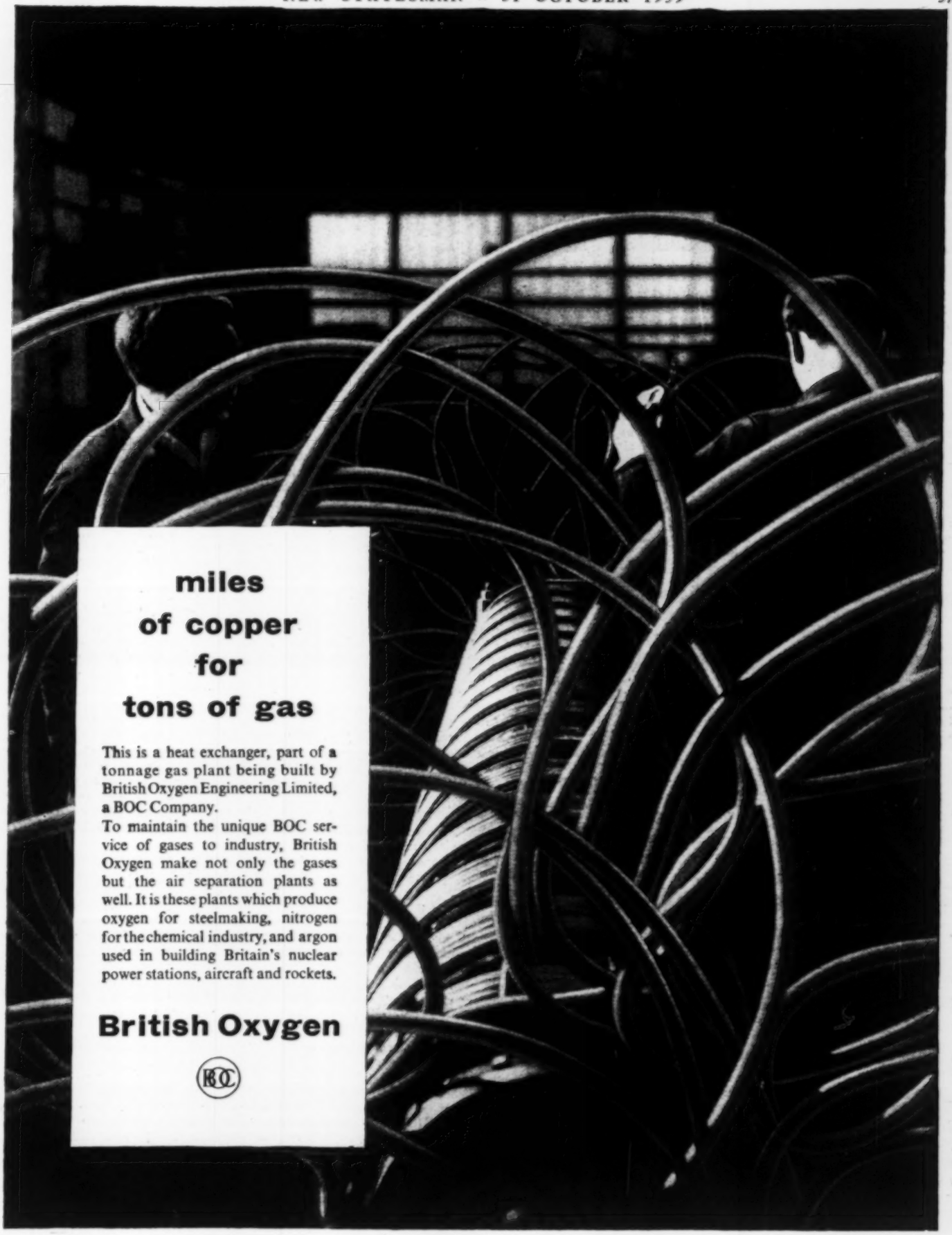
It was the second to which most of his energies were devoted. He came to us from a tiny country village in Yorkshire, where he had built the largest parish hall for miles around. But his great ambition was to build a church, and when he arrived in our parish he saw his opportunity. Our church, we all knew, was not very distinguished, but it drew from Father Fitzgerald, when he saw it, an explosion of earth-shaking contempt. 'A mean, down-at-heel, pagan, Methodist prayer-box,' he said. 'An insult to Almighty God. And this a rich parish too, with four thousand souls earning good wages in the factories and nothing to do with their pence but go to the pictures.'

His Building Fund was duly launched, with startling publicity in the local paper and a barrage of threats from the pulpit. It soon attained quite astonishing proportions—a fact which Father Fitzgerald took for granted, but which excited the outspoken envy of his Anglican colleague, a disgruntled gentleman from the south who had dry rot in his choir-stalls and could do nothing about it. The next stage was to draw up the plans, and Father Fitzgerald, in his grandiose way, brought down an architect from London, a distinguished RA with a beard and spats. But the two soon quarrelled; the architect's ideas were not big enough for Father Fitzgerald ('He's a mean-minded man like all Protestants') and he determined to draw up his own plans. This necessitated a prolonged journey through Germany and Italy in search of a suitable prototype. He failed to find one, but he eventually settled on a design which combined the main features of two cathedrals which had caught his fancy: a gigantic nave, four hundred feet long and topped by three domes in line, and a massive Romanesque tower. It was, in short, an architectural oddity. But it had a certain monumental grandeur, not unlike the Eiffel Tower, in that it represented the triumph of visionary ambition over the laws of nature.

Its construction, however, posed grave practical problems. One of the reasons why the distinguished RA had been unable to draw up plans on a scale to which Father Fitzgerald thought God was entitled, was that the site chosen was clay soil, liable to subsidence if too great a weight was put upon it. It was pointed out to him that if he persisted with his present plans, the sheer weight of masonry would cause the church to sink a foot-and-a-half in the first year after completion. This was just before his annual retreat, and during it he met a German Monsignor, who had been a constructional engineer in his youth. This gentleman told him that the problem could be solved by laying a bed of concrete over the site, and he returned triumphantly to confound his critics. But the concrete bed itself was unsuitable to the site, and when the local borough surveyor got wind of it he laid a formal complaint before the town council. If Father Fitzgerald persisted in his mad scheme, he said, the surrounding houses would be pulled out of the vertical and he would not answer for the consequences within ten years. The council promptly forbade Father Fitzgerald to go ahead. He had always hated politicians, and he now joined battle with a violence which, even for him, was unusual. The ensuing commotion, which involved an under-secretary of state, three MPs, a geologist and a score of engineers, is difficult to follow, but its one indisputable result was that Father Fitzgerald emerged a clear victor. The concrete bed was laid and the borough surveyor resigned in disgust. (Twenty years later his warnings were amply confirmed, but by this time the church was built and it was too late. Over 400 houses had to be pulled down, most of which were owned by a leading local Freemason, who went bankrupt in consequence. Father Fitzgerald, had he still been alive, would undoubtedly have called this a judgment of God.)

Having swept the board clean, Father Fitzgerald now got down to the more exciting business of construction. As usual, his obstacles were not material ones but the lack of faith of his fellow-men. The parish, by now thoroughly alarmed, had appointed a five-man committee to keep Father Fitzgerald on the side of sanity, and its first decision was to engage an engineer and a reputable firm of builders. The result was a head-on conflict on the first day work began on the site. Wisely, Father Fitzgerald did not attempt to fire the engineer, but concentrated on the committee; for the next five Sundays he delivered violent sermons against them from the pulpit, until three of them resigned, to be promptly replaced by his supporters. He now commanded a majority on the committee, and the dismissal of the engineer and the builders followed as a matter of course.

Slowly, the massive church climbed up from its foundations. I spent many hours on the site, watching Father Fitzgerald goading on his minions. He was smart enough to consult experts on all vital technical points, but he refused to employ anyone permanently. He would have no truck with building firms, preferring to engage his labourers himself. He even, after a few weeks, fired the foreman he had appointed, because he considered he did not get enough work out of the men. The labourers, mainly husky Irish lads, went in mortal terror of him, and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worked as they had never done before (or, I have no doubt, since). His burly, apocalyptic figure would leap at them from behind sand-pits and heaps of stones just as they were settling down to brew tea; and even when not actually on the site, he would observe it, through field-glasses, from the windows of the presbytery.

When, after three years, the main body of the church was complete, the parish did make a feeble effort to play some part in superintending its decoration. Father Fitzgerald, whose mood by this time was more mellow, allowed them to appoint a Consultant Decorator, a prominent Catholic layman who was an acknowledged expert on ecclesiastical art. But he was, poor man, accustomed to dealing with subtle and enlightened cardinals, and could never bring Father Fitzgerald to accept his advice. After a few ineffectual weeks he left in despair. From then on, Father Fitzgerald presided regally over a court of carpenters, plasterers and painters, occasionally conducting plundering expeditions to Europe, from which he returned with packing-cases loaded with German silver, Spanish crucifixes, vestments from Venice and Bruges, alabaster angels, and Madonnas of Pyrenean basalt.

The completed church, it should be said, entirely vindicated its creator. A famous architect, who visited it, pronounced it a sound piece of construction, and it received an admiring notice in the *Catholic Trumpet*. The Bishop, at the ceremony of consecration, said it was the finest church in his diocese, and fit to be a cathedral. This innocent remark immediately aroused all Father Fitzgerald's most atavistic suspicions, since he concluded that the Bishop had designs on his church. In his litany of dislikes, bishops occupied a prominent place—indeed, his contempt for all his ecclesiastical superiors, with the solitary exception of the Pope, was almost limitless. The diocese he regarded as his natural enemy, an impersonal and malevolent force always anxious to come between a parish priest and his flock. He fought its intrusions and buttressed his own privileges with the venom and tenacity of a Hildebrand. The thought that his church—the greatest parish church in the world, as he liked to imagine it—might be seized by some insolent bishop and transformed into a cold cathedral remote from the people, filled him with pain and anger.

In fact, as he ought to have known, his bishop went in considerable fear of him. He always confined his ceremonial visits to a strict minimum. After the completion of the church, he offered Father Fitzgerald a monsignor's hat (an offer which Father Fitzgerald, who regarded it as the thin end of the wedge and who in any case despised monsignors, rejected in a remarkably unspiritual letter), but it would never have occurred to him to seize the church in the face of Father Fitzgerald's wrath.

The old man, in short, was left to enjoy his creation in peace. From its high pulpit, topped by a canopy containing a sounding-board of his own design, which magnified his already powerful voice into something akin to the Last Trump, he continued to thunder for the rest of his natural days. He had only two sermons, which he knew by heart, and which corresponded with his two alternate moods. By the time he had mounted the pulpit, we always knew which one we were going to have. If his step was jaunty, and his face elated with the mysteries of the universe, we knew he would begin with the words, 'Consider the beauteous, bountiful, everlasting, inexhaustible, infinite goodness of God', and that we would have five short minutes of grateful thanksgiving. But if he went up the stairs slowly, and surveyed the congregation darkly under beetling brows, then we knew he would draw himself up to his full height, lean over the edge of the pulpit, and hiss at us the two terrible words: 'Martin Luther'. Then would follow a philippic against Protestants in general, in which all his current complaints against the administration of the parish and the sinfulness of its members would somehow be inextricably mingled, and which would invariably conclude with a denunciation of converts ('Let them not expect to be received in this parish. I'll not have ex-Protestants in my church, cluttering up the road to salvation'). It never lasted less than half an hour.

When, in due course, Father Fitzgerald died, his funeral procession was nearly a mile long, and was headed by seven bishops (a compliment which would have brought him only rueful satisfaction). He was a wealthy man, and he left £20,000 to the parish; not a penny (or, as he would have termed it, 'not a red halfpenny') went to the diocesan fund. But within a year the Bishop had his revenge, if that is the word. By order of the Cardinal, his sprawling, overcrowded diocese was reorganised, and he was given a suffragan bishop to assist him. But a suffragan bishop has to have a pro-cathedral, and Father Fitzgerald's church was inevitably chosen. The money he left to the parish was used to enlarge the presbytery to accommodate the bishop and his staff. So the old man's worst fears were abundantly confirmed.

But his parishioners don't look at it that way. They have forgotten Father Fitzgerald's prejudices, and can think only of the reflected glory they enjoy in having a cathedral in their midst. As they see it, Father Fitzgerald would have been delighted to see his lifework so fittingly rewarded. Indeed, if you ask them about him, they reply: 'He was a very remarkable man. He built our cathedral, you know. All by himself.'

PAUL JOHNSON

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The Arts and Entertainment

A Parable of Violence

Serjeant Musgrave's Dance, John Arden's prize-winner at the Royal Court, should have been a very good play. But it isn't, despite seriousness, ambition, good situations and moments of stylish language. The puzzle is to know where and how it went wrong. Not, certainly, in Mr Arden's intentions. The work is a parable about four nineteenth-century soldiers suffering from a kind of blood-shock: they have seen too much, killed too much and so they have deserted and come to a northern mining town to preach, at gunpoint, the gospel of peace. But the town is paralysed by a strike and the soldiers find themselves used for different ends by both pit-owners and workers. Moreover, violence is contagious. One of the band is killed by the others; and their leader, the Serjeant, finds he can only allay his guilt by shooting down selected local dignitaries. In the end, he and his crew perish inevitably by the sword while the system that lives by it remains intact. No one would quarrel with Mr Arden's intentions; the horror and contamination of violence is a subject which, as the Aldermaston march showed, a good many people take very seriously indeed. But there is a significant gap between good intentions and effective drama.

The author apparently has come under the influence of Büchner; he, too, tries to kaleidoscope scenes into each other, sliding from action to introspection and back. But in Mr Arden's hands, the method is used merely for its obvious symbolism, not at all for its psychological insights. Büchner's symbols arise out of the intensity of his characters' perceptions, Arden's out of the intensity of his own good will. He insists so much on his own meaning that his characters never get a chance to develop. They have simple purposes but no complexity of life, like so many puppets. Ever the serjeant's nightmare vision of the end of the world is simply plain oratory, compelling enough as prose sense, but with none of the nakedness, fear and compulsion of a dream. For symbolism to become drama the characters must take charge of the meaning, not *vice versa*. It must also, as Richards said of poetry, be impervious to irony. Yet even Donal Donnelly, otherwise excellent as the amiable weakling of the party, couldn't keep referring to the Serjeant as God without sounding faintly ridiculous, while James Bree overacted the evil hanger-on to such a degree that he seemed to be playing unashamedly for laughs. Mr Arden can't help his actors, but he can help their lines. It is one thing to be serious, another to be utterly humourless.

Part of the blame for the evening's failure lies with the director, Lindsay Anderson. Visually, his production was sharp and exciting enough. With Jocelyn Herbert's beautifully spare sets it could hardly have been otherwise. Unfortunately, he did not use his best actors, Ian Bannen and Freda Jackson, with the same verve. For the timing was far from faultless. Instead of marshalling both scenes and actors so that they moved with the dramatic concentration that Arden's writing—like Büchner's—demands, Mr Anderson deliberately slowed everything down. Even the most trivial bits of dialogue were punctuated by those tiny pauses in which the actors turn, or move up stage, or gesture, as though

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about to embark on some long set speech. The talk bogged down in endless hesitation. The action, too, dragged repetitively. I'm sure Mr Anderson would have no compunction about decimating a text of Shakespeare. It is odd then that he should have had qualms about cutting John Arden's play to a manageable size. Finally, having used Dudley Moore's music so effectively to create a background of emotion, it is a pity he did not bring it in where most needed: to set off the bits of doggerel with which Mr Arden studs his text. But still, with a little more critical awareness from the author and a more positive production, *Serjeant Musgrave's Dance* might have been a very good play.

Nothing, however, could have redeemed Andrew Sinclair's *My Friend Judas* (Arts) – unless the actors had thought quickly and sent the whole thing up to the skies. At first, it seemed as though the author must be doing that himself; the play wasn't really a Cambridge tragedy of youth, it was just a latter-day parody of *Zuleika Dobson*. But no. Mr Sinclair meant every word of it. The scholarship beatnik really had genius after all; that Joyce-and-water lingo was not funny, it was what the puff-reviewers call 'racy'. Similarly, the nasty young queer (who has the hipster sent down) was really supposed to be clever; and all the time I thought he was suffering from some terrible linguistic disease begotten by despair upon Oscar Wilde. And Judas, poor girl, really was an undergraduette *fatale*, not just a silly young thing. It just shows how little you can trust appearances. But you never know; maybe things are like that at Cambridge.

A. ALVAREZ

Staying Socialist

FOR once there are several exhibitions that I am impatient to see (German Art 1905-25 at the Marlborough, Picabia at Matthiesens, Judy Cassab at the Crane Kalman, Bob Dawson and Kim James at the Alan Gallery, SE23), but as the result of an accident I am temporarily immobilised. However, I shall try to turn this to advantage. And for quite other reasons this is surely an apt moment to write again about Socialist Realism. As yet no evening paper has offered me enough to explain why I am now in favour of Liberal Naturalism. So, unbribed, I can still tell the truth.

For nearly ten years on this paper I have argued for and defended the concept of socialist art. And I have discovered that, without exception, those who accuse me of narrowness are themselves narrower than I could make myself if I tried. I have done my best to promote the work of the Italian and French realists and what was dubbed the English Kitchen-Sink School (represented by artists such as Guttuso, Rebeyrolle and Middleditch). A few years ago it looked as if we were winning – at international exhibitions, amongst students, even in a few museums. Now almost nothing remains of our success – except the genius or talent of the artists concerned. Abstract Expressionism and the new Dadaism are sweeping the field. Nowhere in Western Europe is there a Realist stronghold left.

Evidently, therefore, we made a mistake. We might excuse ourselves by saying that what has happened is the result of outside political factors over which we had no control. But if that were so, then our mistake was surely to be too directly dependent on outside political factors. Excuses apart, where were we wrong? And where were we right?

In answering this question for myself personally I am struck by the following fact. I was wrong, for the most part, about the young painters in this country. They have not developed along the lines that I prophesied. But what I prophesied in the field of painting has been proved absolutely right in the field of literature and the theatre. (I am not now – I must emphasise – assessing quality: I am describing attitudes and tendencies.) Our most notable young writers and film makers today have exactly the preoccupations that I ascribed, rather earlier, to young painters and sculptors. Further, their best works – *Room at the Top*, *The Lambeth Boys*, *The Kitchen*, some of Logue's poems – satisfy within their own media many of my often repeated critical demands.

It has happened like this, I think, because I misunderstood the contemporary social role of the visual arts in Western Europe. I assumed that painting and sculpture could develop in as broad a way as the other arts. I now doubt whether, in our historical situation, they can. This has nothing to do with whether painting or sculpture are, by their nature, more or less 'literary'. It is to do with the kind of use to which the visual arts can be put in a given situation. In China now painting is one of the most direct and effective means of communicating ideas. (In one province alone during the last few years 50,000 murals have been painted.) A few decades ago this was also the case in Mexico – just as it was, of course, in Italy during the Renaissance. In Western Europe other means of communication have become more effective – the cinema, television, the written word, radio, etc. This may not be a final state of affairs, for it is not only the result of positive technological advance, it is also the result of negative cultural phenomena – the blunting of popular visual awareness, the narrow laboratory atmosphere in which the great innovators have worked, the total economic dependence of the artist on the bourgeoisie. It remains true, however, that as direct means of communication painting and sculpture are here and now very inefficient. Consequently we socialist realist critics were wrong to demand or expect artists to produce direct, urgent social comment. This was to imprison them within the most frustrating contradiction. They become disillusioned either with their medium or their content.

Where were we right? We were right, and remain so, in our general historical analysis. The non-Marxists flounder more and more in their historical interpretations. Think of Sir Kenneth Clark's Introduction to the Romantic Exhibition. We were right and remain so in our critical attacks against the egocentricity of fashionable modern art. There has never been a period when, apart from us, critics have so passively been the yes-salesmen of the dealers. Above all, we were right in our belief that there must be an alternative, hopeful possibility for art today. Where we were wrong was in the way we visualised this possibility. We overestimated politics and underestimated ideology.

Does this mean that we should now bury the term Socialist Realism? I am sure that we should not. It describes aptly those twentieth-century works which will continue to inspire people when they have achieved socialism. It should not, however, be used to describe a set subject matter or style, for it may well cover the work of artists as different from each other and from the current Russian ideal as Juan Gris and Kokoschka.

It is important for us to realise that Realism can

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only be defined within a given situation. Its methods and aims are always changing. For Masaccio the solidity of form was an essential of Realism. For the Impressionists the destruction of that solidity was an essential of Realism. The only thing shared by all Realists is the nature of their relationship to the art tradition they inherit. They are Realists in so far as they bring into art aspects of nature and life previously ignored or forbidden by the rule-makers. It is in this sense that Realists can be opposed to Formalists. Formalists are those who use the conventions of their medium (conventions that originally came into being for the purpose of translating aspects of life into art) to keep out or pass over new aspects. Thus, the Tachists use the technical conventions of Impressionism to keep out all observation of the relationship between actual objects. Thus, the more violent Action painters use the technical conventions of expressionism to keep out all social emotions. And, of course, what they keep out is what inspired those who created their conventions.

One should be able to define roughly, then, the present function of Realism by contrast. What do the rules of the new art forbid? The answer is staggering: any precise hopeful reference to the objective world. And so the Realist must look at the modern world, which has so unnerved the Formalists, and come to terms with it. That is to say, he has got to answer the question – What is man? A question which, as Gramsci pointed out, really means: What can man become? Up to about 1920 artists could answer this question confidently enough without necessarily being socialists. Since then, if they are to reach a satisfactory answer, socialism has become increasingly necessary for them.

Such speculations may seem a long way from the practical problems of an artist working. But here let me quote Lipchitz (who will shortly have a long deserved exhibition at the Tate):

> I remember once when Jules Romains came to see me. In my youthful enthusiasm I told him my dream: to make sculptures as pure as crystal. I had just been to Majorca and was full of it . . . those rocks and what I had seen from above had so impressed me that I wanted my sculpture to be like them, and like the underwater plants and the luminous shells . . . then a few words spoken by Jules Romains brought me brusquely back to reality.
>
> 'What do you know about the nature of a crystal?'
>
> In fact what did I know about the nature of a crystal except that it has no organic life? I who wanted to be a builder of life, not a destroyer. These thoughts caused a violent crisis . . . later I understood that my father, a builder, used to take a brick to build a house, not the other way round. Why should I not do likewise: out of a crystal build a man, a woman, a child? At once I felt saved. . . . It was here that my way of thinking joined that of the true Cubists.

That is an example of one of the ways in which it can happen in practice.

I have already explained why the work of a Realist painter or sculptor is unlikely at the moment to have any direct political impact. But his work will express an ideology implying, whatever his exact personal opinions may be, a certain social basis and certain political ambitions. This has a positive relevance to our present historical situation. Many recent events, including the election, emphasise our ideological poverty. The appeal of the slogan 'You've never had it so good' is a perfect expression of that poverty. Consequently, instead of worrying about the immediate political value of a work's style or subject, we must begin to understand something new and more profound: namely that any artist who now breaks through to reality and translates it

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into art is bound to be in ideological opposition. The official values of our society are no longer capable of nourishing or even encouraging art. And so we who want to change the very basis of our society should realise that any artist who now succeeds in terms of his art is an ally. So complete is the inner, but not the outer, collapse of our present social structure.

JOHN BERGER

Gramophone Records

IN issuing a record of music by Charles Ives, Mercury have helped to remedy a ridiculous situation. For a long time, Ives has enjoyed a considerable reputation through the writings of critics rather than through the performance of his music. But now we can at least hear one of his symphonies, the Third, and one of his most characteristic descriptive pieces, the *Three Places in New England,* (MMA 11010) well performed by the Eastman Rochester Symphony Orchestra under Howard Hanson.

Schoenberg called Charles Ives 'a great man'. He did not call him a great composer. That crucial distinction touches both the honour and the tragedy of Ives's career. His aspirations were of the highest order (not merely because he was in sympathy with the New England transcendentalists), and his creative personality was full of those all-revealing twists and contradictions which, by cohering, become the mark of originality. The rapt consideration of man or nature, the wild outburst to the furthermost boundary of sanity—these attitudes are common to genius, and they are characteristic of Ives. But unhappily the attitude never finds genuine fulfilment in the creative act. Despite, and often because of, the great complexity of some of his music, one is very conscious that Ives labours under the most severe technical limitations. This is a more damaging situation than one finds in the work of a primitive like Satie, for the technical means (especially the means of building up tension or of defining a form) sometimes defy the whole nature of the art. Like the work of an inspired painter who suffers both from extreme myopia and from muscular paralysis, the *Three Places in New England* conveys no more than the most general and imprecise impression. One may be astonished that these polytonal or atonal harmonies were conceived in the early years of this century, but astonishment should not prevent one from listening closely. And one does not have to do that for long to find that nothing in the musical texture is clearly focused. The dissonant harmony is a random, unheard improvisation and the climaxes do not arise from the musical material. It is no surprise that the academic Third Symphony barely reaches the level of competence of an average student work. But the record should not be missed, nor should Ives be judged solely on the basis of these two works. For he is unpredictable even with regard to his own limitations, and one should be prepared for the surprise of discovering, for instance, that the Second Symphony is a much more assured and substantial piece than the Third; or that the fast movements of the two piano sonatas show a sense of design and texture almost entirely lacking from the *Three Places in New England.* Even if less than a complete musician, Ives is the only American composer who measures up to the vision of the New World's greatest writers and thinkers.

A number of recent records of music by Prokofiev are of value in assessing his importance. Isaac Stern gives a superb performance of the two violin concertos on Fontana CFL 1036, and the USSR State Symphony Orchestra performs the rarely heard Fourth Symphony on Parlophone PM 1053. The two Concertos are more equal in value than is sometimes supposed. What the later one lacks in melodic invention it makes up in tautness of construction and originality of texture. The best of the Symphony is contained in the first two movements, though even there the thinking is rather too rhapsodic. The work is related in some of its material to *The Prodigal Son,* one of Prokofiev's best ballet scores. A recording of *The Prodigal Son* would have been greatly preferable to one of the rubbishy *Scythian Suite,* which Antal Dorati and the LSO perform brilliantly on Mercury MMA 11028. The Suite from *The Love for Three Oranges* is a more welcome feature of the same record.

DAVID DREW

The New-boy Network

CONVALESCENT after campaigning, I reflect that, in television, it is on the whole more comfortable to receive than to give – hard as it is to take such offerings as the two new series, exploiting violence with incredible crudity, which crept into the ITV programmes, fortunately late at night, while my back was turned

This is presumably not the kind of thing that Mr Val Parnell of ATV means when, complaining that we are still allowed only 50 hours a week of studio programmes, he says that because of this: 'We cannot experiment with new programmes in off-peak periods' (a nonsensical argument, anyway). The new PMG will soon be under pressure to relax this limitation: if he gives way, he should at least require the ITA to keep a stricter eye on the balance and content of programmes. An extension of hours would not be a real enlargement of freedom if it merely meant more horrors of the kind I have just refrained from naming, and more and more canned imports re-churning their situation-formulæ with the mechanical monotony of Paolo and Francesca whirling through eternal death.

I do not ask for a close, stuffy censorship but for the occasional following of an excellent precedent – the private representations (following much public censure) which led to the killing of the unspeakable *People Are Funny.*

Meanwhile, the ITA's empire-building phase is nearly complete. Two new regional programme-companies – Anglia and Ulster – are in operation this week: ten, so far, in all. When three more regions – South-West, North-East Scotland, Carlisle – have been allocated, there will be no viable territory left. (Will Roy Thomson get N-E Scotland? Since he already owns Scottish TV and the ex-Kemsley papers, this would give him a control of media that even the Opportunity Statesmen might regard as too Hearst-like.)

It is now possible, therefore, to see as a whole the structure of ITV and to analyse the seminal decisions which must have been taken, in its early days, by Sir Robert Fraser. Faced with a basic economic condition of broadcasting – the need for a central source of supply of programmes, *i.e.,* a 'network' – he will have started by examining the American set-up. But in the USA there are three directly competing networks, each with its own string of local 'affiliate' stations. In Britain, with only one channel available for the new service, the analogy would have been a single network company in London, operating seven days a week, with local affiliates: a highly centralised monopoly within ITV.

Sir Robert therefore worked out what he has himself called the 'cumbrous mosaic' of ITV as we know it: the three main centres (London, Midlands, the North) are allocated to *four* companies (ATV, A-R, ABC, Granada), the 'network companies'; each centre is shared by two of these companies, one responsible for weekend programmes, the other for the rest of the week. In theory it might have been possible for one of these companies to 'ride the network' – to collect advertising revenue by simply broadcasting other companies' programmes, without incurring the expense of originating its own. So a condition was included in their contracts: each of the four has to provide not less than 15 per cent. of the network's total output.

Some confusion has been caused by the fact that the same percentage, 15, occurs in the contract of one of the 'regional' companies, Scottish TV. This seems to be a pure coincidence, for the significance of this percentage is different: 15 per cent. of Scottish TV's programmes are to be regional in character, for regional reception, not a contribution to the network at all. Each of the other eight regional companies has or will have a comparable percentage written into its contract, but in every other case the figure, being assessed realistically, is lower than Scottish TV's 15. The smaller the company and the smaller its potential number of viewers, the smaller the percentage.

For, despite Sir Robert's anti-monopolistic 'mosaic' – which, he might argue, has ensured, if not direct competition between the companies, at least rivalry in the pursuit of esteem – the ITA seems less concerned than the BBC to establish the *principle* of regional contribution to the network. Granada, indeed, is proud of its Northern connections; but it is as much a national, or network, institution as ATV or ABC. Unless you looked at the credits, you wouldn't know whether most of the Granada or ATV or ABC programmes were coming from London or the Midlands or the North. Programmes with a specifically regional flavour have their appeal, but it is often the appeal of quaintness: the ITA doesn't think that most Sassenachs want to see highland reels or Loamshire smock-dances too often, and assumes that the regional companies will take the bulk of their output from the network and will also be responsible for local-interest programmes and for encouraging 'TV life' in provincial cities and universities. Only two programmes originated by regional companies have fought their way into regular places in the ITV network: Grierson's *This Wonderful World* (which, in any case, rarely has any specifically Scottish flavour, except for Grierson's own rich burr) and the Welsh *Land of Song*. By contrast, the West region contributes a good deal to the BBC network, including Peter Scott's admirable *Look* and other natural history programmes; Wales contributes plays; and the Midlands and Manchester (which might, however, fairly be likened to ITV's 'network companies') contribute farming and some religious programmes and light entertainment, respectively.

In one way or another, there is thus a certain amount of decentralisation on both TV networks. This desirable tendency has increased in recent years – in the BBC, the ITA would claim, because of the commercial competition. Cynics in the BBC might retort that the multiple structure of ITV would make it more difficult to dismantle, if anyone were seriously to threaten this: I am sure that Sir Robert would insist that decentralisation is to him a principle, not a tactic. It is agreeable when virtue is not its own only reward.

TOM DRIBERG

Orgy and Restraint

NEVER a swift mover, *Around the World in Eighty Days* has at last crawled out of the Astoria, to give place to another of those mastodons proving that more millions can still be spent and made on OT romance than on anything else. If orgy is your cup of tea – chariot whips and the bath, Royalty and the wrath of God, temples rent, armies wiped out – all in the sweeping wonder of Super Technirama 70, the 'Astounding Motion Picture System that Represents More than You've Ever Seen Before' – then go to *Solomon and Sheba*. Never mind who directed; here are only echoes of De Mille. Solomon's bad brother was always trying to get him off the throne, and Sheba (Lollobrigida) first brought destruction on Israel and then saved it, and having been stoned was miraculously restored and walked off to bear a son for Solomon. These and similar facts have been revealed by a recent papyrus. From time to time the choir says 'Oooh-oooh . . . .oooh-oooh', and you are expected to also.

Meanwhile, with its final week the London Film Festival has discovered its highlights in *The World of Apu*, Bunuel's *Nazarin*, and François Truffaut's *Les Quatre Cents Coups*. The last was made the occasion for a ceremonious pot-giving to the *nouvelle vague* (as the young movement calls itself) in general. I have been unlucky in not yet seeing this film. Another and now vintage specimen of the movement arrives this week at the Cameo-Poly, after almost a year of Censor nerves, robbing it of 2 minutes: Louis Malle's second film, *Les Amants*. Opinions are likely to vary about this French Lady Chatterley: it's too high-falutin about Passion, or a true poem of the

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flesh. I don't myself usually take to middle courses, but in this case I think the truth lies between. The story *is* novelettish, a woman with a misunderstanding husband and a dummy lover who experiences awakening from an open-neck stranger; but the trite situation leads up to a paean of Love which manages to combine poetry and (despite the Censor) a liberating frankness. The dark photography with its low-toned interiors and night landscapes is reinforced by a movement from a Brahms string sextet; though from time to time the vision goes empty, and the bat plunging the dinner party in darkness merely explores the screen's dumb notes. On the other hand, even these obscurities find their vindication in the white figure wandering through the grounds by moonlight. (By the way, glaring sub-titles haven't improved these effects.) The dialogue on which so much depends doesn't always live up to its pretensions (Flaubertian), realism and sexual legend don't finally match, bits of spoken narrative sometimes enhance and sometimes too much distance the scene; but the result is certainly a film with its own modes, and Jeanne Moreau as the wife seeking beyond artificialities gives a remarkable performance, as strong as it is subdued.

One lesser delight from the Festival remains with me: *Equinox Flower*, directed by Yasugiro Ozu, known to us hitherto by the *Tokyo Story*. This domestic comedy, set in a photography of light colours and box patterns, unravels its situations of fathers and daughters and match-making with an almost Jane Austen temperateness of wit. Some of the minor developments and characters prove delightfully funny, and a too-slow beginning pays off in sympathy. Restraint may still have its uses!

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Correspondence

CHRISTIANS AND THE ELECTION

SIR,—I am sure I am not alone in feeling that Fr Huddleston's letter was one of the most penetrating that has appeared for some while. A great many of us suffered an uncomfortable set-back in our idealistic thinking when we discovered that the electorate cared little for standards of value, principles and morality—beyond their personal pleasures. . . .

K. N. KIBBLEWHITE

8 Grove Road
Merrow, Guildford

SIR,—Of the ten inquest letters printed only one appears to get anywhere near what I consider to be the cause of all Labour's troubles, that is Trevor Huddleston's, in which he questions if the 'Christian conscience' was awake or slumbering in the past election.

As I see it Labour has lost the faith in Christian convictions it used to have. In the years between the wars the Labour party consisted of men and women who quite literally had gone from the pulpit to parliament; many were local preachers and men of vision, in the years since the last war these people have been slowly disappearing from the political scene, and in their place we have got a 'shabby' lot of candidates.

Is it not time we had a return to the ways which made Labour a great party? Or in other words is it not time we put God back in the Labour Party and kicked out all this 'Never had it so good' way of material thinking?

The only other letter in your correspondence I would like to comment on is Mr Pollak's regarding the *Daily Herald*. A few years ago I used to be a regular reader of the *Herald*, but I finally parted with it when I couldn't get the kind of news I required, which was news of world affairs and not news of 'Affairs in the World'.

May I point out that I am not a religious crank but an angry young man of 27 who is very concerned about what happens to the Labour Party, so concerned in fact that a week ago I went and joined my local party.

W. NEVILLE SYLVESTER

79 The Common
Ecclesfield, Sheffield

ELECTION INQUEST

SIR,—There is a great danger that the post-election argument within the Labour Party is being allowed to develop into the sterile dispute between the advocates of more or of less nationalisation. What is fundamental to the Socialist ethic is that the means of production and distribution should be owned and run by the people. Nationalisation, as effected during the period of office of the Labour government, meant nothing to the general public, who only heard of the financial losses incurred from time to time. True, there is no doubt where the miner or railwayman stands on this issue, but even here there has been the greatest disappointment with nationalisation in practice.

It has provided gilt-edged securities for shareholders in bankrupt industries. It has allowed private enterprise to benefit from lucrative contracts. It has meant no extension in workers' control and has failed to give the worker a sense of participation. The electorate is therefore not quite as uninformed as we would imagine in rejecting an extension of this 'state capitalism' with the incidental fear of the over-centralisation of power.

The answer, however, is not the retreat from Socialism which rests on the premise—why sacrifice the opportunity to put four-fifths of our programme into practice because of the other fifth?—but on examining other forms of public ownership, more suited to the public mood; in extending co-operative ownership; municipal enterprise; public corporations, etc., and in experimenting in workers' councils or consumer control according to the type of industry or service involved.

This problem is vitally linked up with the problem of attracting the younger generation to which, along with others in the area, I have given thought in a pamphlet entitled 'Labour and the Youth Sections'. The image of an ageing party fighting out the battles of the Thirties in the context of a widely different social and economic environment is our major stumbling block in attracting the radical and the young. By putting forward new ideas on industrial democracy and in taking away the power of the present controllers without the imposition of a state bureaucracy, we could excite the imagination of these young people. But this is only one aspect; the whole neglected question of youth organisation within the Labour Party must be given priority at a time when only one Labour MP is under the age of thirty; when Labour Youth Sections in this area are practically defunct—and yet we are constantly increasing the membership of the Manchester Left Club and attracting large audiences for the type of meeting ULR and *New Reasoner* have done so much to encourage.

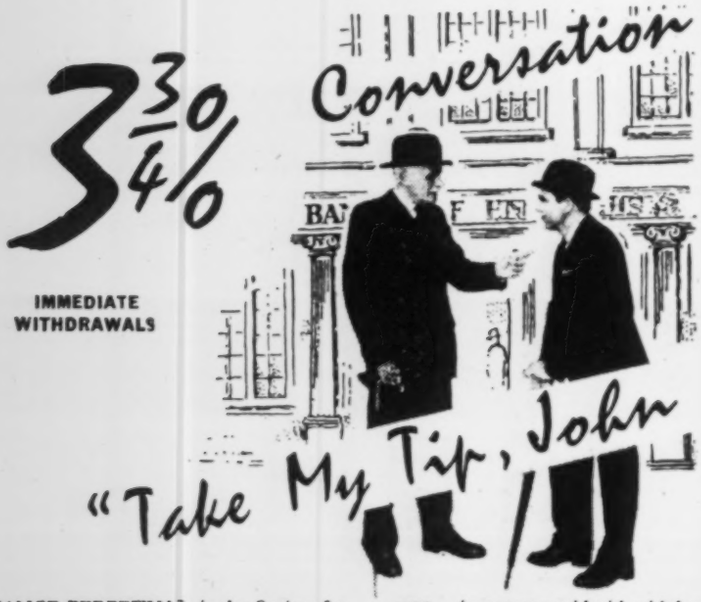
PAUL B. ROSE

73 Downham Crescent
Prestwich
Lancs.

SIR,—There was a time (yesterday) when two out of every three citizens of Great Britain were hungry, ill clad and badly housed. The Labour Party had something to say. That time is past.

There is a time (today) when two out of every three citizens of the world are hungry, ill clad and badly housed. The Labour Party, it seemed, had nothing effective to say. As bribe was followed by counter bribe in the recent election campaign many Labour supporters tore up their voting papers.

But the ideals which inspired the early Socialists are still with the people of this country. Quietly,



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almost unnoticed, groups have arisen, groups are still arising, loosely linked in a Federation of War on Want groups. At least five Universities have their 'Miss-a-Meal Fellowship'. In London, War on Want, Ltd and the North London Action Council for War on Want are stimulating action through film shows, public library displays, meetings and the formation of small local groups. Direct action or the person-to-person project, enabling the small community to raise itself out of its poverty—such, for example, as the Bhoodan Well Fund in India, or the Blind Farmers' Training Scheme in Kenya—have caught their imagination.

Here surely, and not on the moon, lies the adventure for which your correspondent Roy McGregor Hastie (NEW STATESMAN, 17 October) is calling: to lead a swords into ploughshares movement, to explore the untapped resources of ocean and desert and the little-known sources of power; to redraw the world's economic map with the poverty areas repainted. President Eisenhower, in his television broadcast, expressed concern for the peoples of the underdeveloped countries; Mr Krushchev has called for an end to 'the brandishing of arms'. Could not the British Labour Party give a lead to the giants?

OLWEN BATTERSBY

80 Muswell Hill
London, N10

[We are obliged to hold over scores of letters on this subject.—ED., N.S.]

NYASALAND TRAGEDY

SIR,—An event took place in Nyasaland last month which, as far as I know, received no attention in the British press, although it has considerable significance.

The governor nominated two leading members of the Church of Scotland to serve as African members in the Legislative Council, the Rev. A. D. Kayira and Mr E. M. Mtawali, and in doing so, placed both these Africans in a difficult position. For some reason, the Rev. Kayira had only five days in which to answer the governor and he spent much time in consultation with his friends. He was visited by several Africans who asked him to resign his nomination but upon seeking the advice of the Synod of his church, received their approval of his nomination. It was apparent that the church felt it should not lose an opportunity to co-operate with the government if by doing so it could advance further the views it has always so strongly held regarding the inadvisability of Federation and the disastrous effect of the imposition of the Emergency last March.

On 25 September, Mr Kayira went to sleep in his house at Karonga, satisfied he was acting in the best interests of his church and his people, but during the night his house was set on fire and only the rapid assistance of his neighbours saved his life and some of his possessions. Further discussion and thought culminated in Mr Kayira sending his resignation to the governor, since he felt no useful purpose would be served if his action brought violence upon himself and his family and further unrest to the country. Later, the other nominee, Mr Mtawali, also resigned.

How empty must be the hopes of the governor who is thus trying to patch up the dreadful mess into which he plunged the country last March. If two men whose support for the aspirations of their own people are indisputable, are unable to even try to work with the present government of the country, there is little chance of finding the new African leaders (or should it be yes-men?) the governor so confidently expected to emerge once he had locked up the old ones.

BARBARA KEW

31 Hillcroft Crescent
Ealing, W5

BBC AND ITV : LEFT OR CENTRE?

SIR,—May I add a little to what Derek Roper has said about Mr Waterhouse's asinine remarks on ITV's affinity with the Labour Party?

Labour's television programmes were nothing like the kind of thing ITV puts on. They were much closer to the BBC documentary than to anything else. ITV programmes of this nature are almost always

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said
Samuel Johnson
"is like lace:
every man gets as much of
it as he can"

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CRUISE No. 20 — **24th August to 10th September, 1960**

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GREECE, TURKEY, CYPRUS, LEBANON AND YUGOSLAVIA

CRUISE No. 21 — **8th September to 26th September, 1960**

Visiting VENICE, OLYMPIA, NAUPLIA, EPIDAUROS, ASINE, MYCENAE, TIRYNS, ATHENS, DAPHNI, ELEUSIS, SOUNION, DELOS, MYKONOS, RHODES, LINDOS, ANTALYA, PERGE, ASPENDOS, SIDE, LIMASSOL, NICOSIA, KYRENIA, FAMAGUSTA, SALAMIS (Optional air Excursion to JERUSALEM and BETHLEHEM or DAMASCUS and PALMYRA), BEIRUT, BYBLOS, BAALBECK, MALLIA, KNOSSOS, DUBROVNIK, VENICE.

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clumsy, amateurish and cheeseparing. Waterhouse will have no difficulty in getting ITV producers to agree with him privately on this. The perfect example is to compare *Panorama* and *This Week*.

Waterhouse needs reminding that *Free Speech* was a BBC feature until ITV took it over. It is not such a good programme now as it has not the same freedom. The whole field of advertising, easily the most powerful and influential section of the Establishment, is immune from criticism on *Free Speech* whereas it was not on *In the News*.

Mr Waterhouse suffers from a delusion common to many in the Labour Party, that private enterprise is more enterprising and efficient than public. This is especially untrue of television. I have to watch a good deal of television on both channels and I am certain that anything ITV does the BBC does better. If the BBC were to feature mass entertainment programmes from 7.0 to 11.0 every night they would run ITV out of business in a month.

Waterhouse's support for commercial radio makes me feel slightly sick. I can think of nothing better calculated to keep the people in ignorance of real issues.

JOHN DILWORTH

30 The Crescent
SW19

NEW WORLDS FOR OLD

SIR,—In your editorial of 24 October you state:

'But what of America? Could its economy survive the shock of a drastic cut in defence? Krushchev, arguing from Marxist principles, may well believe that American capitalism cannot afford to risk real disarmament. No one can yet be certain that he is wrong. But Marx, etc. . . .'

In his speech to the United Nations Assembly on 18 September, Mr Krushchev said:

'The utilisation of the money realised as the result of disarmament would create the widest possible opportunities for employment. Therefore assertions to the effect that disarmament would lead to a crisis or economic depression in the industrially highly developed countries of the capitalist world are erroneous.'

Why attribute to Mr Krushchev a view ('may well believe') the exact opposite of what he explicitly said?

R. PALME DUTT

19 Whitehall Lodge
Pages Lane N10

AN OXFORD MANIFESTO

SIR,—Worse and worse. If I had realized that Mr Ungoed Thomas was still up here when I read his article in your pages, I should probably have invited him to tea (I still may) instead of trying the patience of your readers.

In my lecture I did my best to expose the fallacies by which the (virtuous) arguments for self-government were perverted into justifications for (vicious) despotism. I have evidently not done this well, for Mr Ungoed Thomas represents these very fallacies (described in his latest quotations on my lecture) as being my position. There is, I fear, nothing more that I can do.

ISAIAH BERLIN

All Souls
Oxford

STREET OFFENCES

SIR,—I have read with astonishment the letter from Hester Smith about the perils awaiting any woman 'under 60 and not noticeably deformed' who ventures out on to Hampstead Heath.

I have lived in a house adjoining the Heath ever since I was in my early twenties, and have spent countless hours walking, reading and writing on the Heath, and never once have I experienced the sort of persecution described by Miss Smith. Admittedly, men have sometimes approached me; they have even—horror of horrors!—SPOKEN to me. But I would like to suggest to Miss Smith that if, in such a case, she would stop worrying and let matters take their course, she might find, as I do, that such approaches are a prelude not to sexual assault but to an account of how mean some landlady is about electric light; or how inconsiderate is some daughter who has emigrated to Canada and hasn't bothered to write home for months. I remember once encountering on the Heath a young man who had learned that very morning that he had only a few months left to live. We had a long talk, which left me a little wiser and him, I have always hoped, a little comforted. I am glad indeed that I did not beat him off in a flutter of maidenly panic at his first approach.

The truth is that most of these ogres of the Heath are simply lonely people in search of a little conversation with another human being. It is true that it can sometimes be tiresome to have to listen to someone's life story when you want to read your book; but this is a hazard that can be encountered anywhere, not least at one's own fireside.

CELIA FREMLIN

50 South Hill Park
NW3

PROCTORS AND THE BOMB

SIR,—The Campaign in Oxford University for Nuclear Disarmament has just been fined £10 by the Proctors. It is unable to appeal, since the Proctors are the only juridical body in England against whom there is no right of appeal.

The Campaign was alleged to have committed certain serious offences. One such 'serious offence' was: 'failure to submit a poster for Proctorial approval'. The Campaign was also reprimanded for holding a public meeting, and forbidden to distribute leaflets or to organise a twenty-mile walk.

Students in fourteen British universities have marched, leafleted and held public meetings freely. Only in Oxford are we forbidden to exercise the democratic right of supporting actively a cause in which we believe. I would prefer to remain anonymous—for fear of Proctorial reprisals.

UNDERGRADUATE

THE SMALL REVOLUTION

SIR,—I think we must all be thankful that the architectural profession's counter-missile on this subject was launched in compact form by James Cubitt. At least I can answer him in short form, too.

(a) It would not have been insular to welcome distinguished architects from overseas and profit from them. It is insular—or at least smug after the event—not to remember how small was the circle of *illuminati* like Jack Pritchard who *did* welcome them in the early Thirties, and equally insular not to remember—as is too often the case—that until the end of the Thirties they were ninety per cent of the modern movement in England.

(b) Misconceptions about the Bauhaus seem to be sixpence per bundle of ten around here. It was never 'primarily a school of industrial design'! It was a school of arts and crafts under the hegemony of architecture: the ultimate aim of its five-year course was to produce architects. Its failure, in practice, to make good the claim to the hegemony of architecture over other branches of design was largely due to the failure of its directing minds to get outside the narrow range of architectural thinking.

(c) With all due respect to Mr Cubitt, whom I admire both as man and architect, his second paragraph is a daunting demonstration of the narrowness of architectural thinking. I deliberately chose the simile of the progress of communications from telegraph to colour TV in order to demonstrate the way in which leading branches of technology have been transformed out of all recognition. The substitution of fancy vaults for flat roofs is in no way a comparable change; it is, precisely 'improving the appearance of the electrical telegraph'. The kind of radical re-thinking needed if architects are not to lose their footing in a technological world altogether is of an infinitely more drastic order than pondering on the scale and form of alternative sets of shapes. If the function of architecture is to provide fit environments for human activities, architects must start off by *proving* that buildings are the best way of doing it, not by assuming, out of inherited cultural inertia that buildings are the *only* way of doing it.

REYNER BANHAM

The Architectural Review
Queen Anne's Gate
SW1

FREE FALL

SIR,—During the last few months the NEW STATESMAN seemed to have made a sudden and welcome return to serious criticism. It is a pity this could not have lasted. Peter Duval Smith's review of William Golding's new novel, *Free Fall*, was in the worst tradition of Grub Street pipsqueakery. It was also of a technical incompetence rare in the NEW STATESMAN: Mr Smith managed two *non sequiturs* in the first paragraph; one mixed cliché in the second ('Sammy is a man with a black dog on his back. Somewhere along the line, his life went off the rails'); and a piece of wilful misrepresentation in the third ('There is neither humour nor irony', says Mr Smith. Perhaps he skipped the Minnie episode and the seduction of Beatrice?). All this considered, Mr Smith was unwise to set himself up as a judge of intellectual standards, which, I take it, was what he intended with that characteristic sentence: 'Sammy is no great shakes (sic) as a thinker'.

No doubt Mr Smith cannot help his own limitations as a thinker and writer. He can, however, help his tone. William Golding is an important, exceptionally talented writer. However good or bad his latest novel, it should be treated seriously and with a certain respect, instead of being used merely as an excuse for the reviewer to show himself off.

S. E. SIMON

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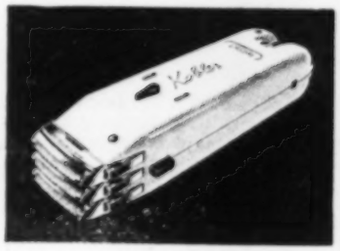

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THE JOYCE SAGA: BEFORE BLOOMSDAY AND AFTER

It is a grand biography, and must be the last of its kind about Joyce because Mr Ellmann, as well as summarising all previous reports, has interviewed a number of witnesses who are now dead. You want this ample detail because the picture is so interesting in itself, and besides, you no longer suspect that Joyce was mad when you realise how Irish the rest of them were. The picture of father trying to strangle mother, remarking 'in a drunken fit', 'Now, by God, is the time to finish it,' and prevented by the author at the age of twelve, is now adequately balanced by the last words gasped out by father: 'Tell Jim he was born at six in the morning'. The author had written asking about this because he wanted to have his horoscope calculated, so they realised afterwards that father had not been delirious. It helps one to realise why Joyce, at the age of eighteen, spent the money for his Ibsen article on taking father to London, saving him from fights about the Boer War all the way. Not that you have to be Irish to live in this style; the aged M. Dujardin achieved it, when he rushed across the room during a recital of *Anna Livia* and slapped the face of an American editor, supposing that he was secretly despising the thick ankles of Madame Dujardin. Joyce was a prickly friend, but not very prickly compared to this; and Mr Ellmann is fond of saying that Joyce described everyday life, without needing drama to bring out its dramatic potential, but you need to realise what kind of life he considered everyday. Then again, you need to know what Joyce was feeling because otherwise it is often hard to tell whether a passage in the novels was meant to jeer. The speech at the party in *The Dead*, where the conventional hero in his dismal style praises the unique hospitality of the Irish with applause, has struck me as an undeserved bit of satire by Joyce on his homeland; but it turns out that, after finding how much he disliked working in Rome, a great change from Trieste, he decided that his picture in *Dubliners* had left out a real virtue of the place which justice required him to include. He takes for granted that a thing is still real though he describes it as ridiculous, an admirable trait but one that has often baffled his readers; the most striking example is Bloom's vision of his dead son at the end of the brothel chapter.

May I, however, complain about the system, now becoming universal, by which using the notes and index is made like climbing a ten-foot wall with broken bottles on it. References to source are far too hard to look up, and ought to be put at the bottom of the page; the index should either be drastically reduced or at least use different type for the (say) five out of forty numbers which somebody might really want. The question here is not only one of convenience; as the immense machine is often reporting gossip, and Mr Ellmann wrongly remarks that 'Dubliners usually make the remarks which are attributed to them' (page 105), one often needs the source on the page. For instance, when Nora is eloping with Joyce in 1904, and they reach London, we are flatly told (page 185) that he 'left Nora in a park for two hours while he went to see Arthur Symons. She thought he would not return [353]'. After tracking down the secret number of the chapter and reaching its note 98 we find 'Interview with Eva Joyce, 1953'. I have not space to describe what happens if you follow the index under Eva Joyce, a pious sister of Joyce who was induced for his spiritual good to travel with him to Trieste in 1909, but she was then greatly upset by being left with his young son in a park in Paris while he succeeded in recovering a ring given him by Nora, with the help of an attendant, from the bottom of a lavatory drain. Surely it is obvious that, when Eva got to Trieste and burst out at once with this wrong, Nora said 'Arra, I never believed he'd come back to the park either'; and Eva, who disliked her two years in Trieste, had brought the accusation to quite a high polish when it was recorded forty-four years later. This is not really a scientific way to write biography. It is a libel on Nora to believe so easily that she ran away with a man whom she was expecting to abandon her; and other sources merely report her as cross at the time about the parking system (page 190).

The inherent eeriness of going on writing *Finnegans Wake* comes out very strongly when Ezra Pound refuses to read the samples, and Joyce refuses to read the *Cantos* either, but they remain friends; most of the experimental authors of the time felt like that (Virginia Woolf felt intense despair when the last two books she saw in print came); and Mr Ellmann is right to remark that the fascination of living in this effort for seventeen years was impossible to give up, so that the depression of having nobody to appreciate it was a merely external thing. All the same, I always feel from the examples that he made it worse every time he rewrote it.

Mr Ellmann is ready to laugh at Joyce's assertions, one is glad to find, usually by calling the motive behind them personal and selfish rather than general and public-spirited; one often feels that the biographer does this out of charity, to make the novelist appear less shocking. Thus the young man gets jeered at heartily for saying he is a Socialist; 'he needed a redistribution of wealth if he was to be a spendthrift'; and as for writing to his brother:

> If you look back on my relations with friends and relatives you will see that it was a youthfully exaggerated feeling of this maldisposition of affairs which urged me to pounce upon the falsehood in their attitude towards me –

the comment is 'Socialism has rarely been defended so tortuously'. But it often has; a better retort would be that Joyce (in 1905) was parroting these advanced views. However, even that would not be an impressive retort; he went on saying he was a socialist, and showed understanding of the theory in talking about it (there is a particularly absurd jeer from Mr Ellmann at his remarks on page 248); he remained strikingly at home with working-class people and prone to take their opinions seriously; and towards the end we find him smilingly on top of the scene of intellectual confusion: 'I am afraid poor Mr Hitler will soon have few friends in Europe apart from my nephews, Masters W. Lewis and E. Pound' (in 1934). He was 'not at all offended' by a rather fierce letter about his work from H. G. Wells in 1928, feeling politically on Wells's side, whereas: 'the more I hear of the political, philosophical, ethical zeal and labours of the brilliant members of Pound's big brass band the more I wonder why I was ever let into it' (page 621). By this time, I was wondering why Mr Ellmann found Joyce's political record so ridiculous; then I realised that, to an American, a Socialist is a Commy, and it would hardly be more shocking if Joyce had said he was a cannibal, so the only thing for Mr Ellmann to do is to laugh it tenderly off.

The same process, I think, goes on about Joyce's treatment of the Eternal Triangle; extremely bad motives, indeed rather lunatic ones, are attributed to him, but this is done out of charity, to hide the truth that he was toying with an unacceptable ideal. The main position of Mr Ellmann, which came out more clearly in his article *A Portrait of the Artist As Friend* (*The Kenyon Review*, Winter 1956) than here in the self-effacing biography, is that Joyce enjoyed feeling betrayed by his nearest and dearest and kept on trying to trick them into the position of having done so. No doubt a novelist usually makes the most of a situation in real life which he has been meaning to write about, because he wants to learn about it; and the account of Joyce 'helping to produce' a flirtation with his wife by his admirer Prezioso in Trieste about 1912, ending with Joyce being seen upbraiding him in the street and 'tears running down Prezioso's humiliated face', does make him seem an alarming friend, though we are given no evidence that he 'produced' the situation. He was almost crazily possessive, largely from feeling isolated, so there were bound to be convulsions whenever the triangle was approached, whether we say that he arranged it himself ('unconsciously' perhaps) or not.

What Mr Ellmann will not recognise, it strikes me, is that he earnestly considered this disposition in himself a bad one, and believed that in a better world it would be overcome; and he was particularly prone to the idea that wives, when the world coarsely calls them adulterous, are often at bottom trying to give the husband a man friend. Mr Ellmann has some useful jokes about how Dubliners consider men friends more important than women, since they meet only men during the long hours in the pubs, and indeed that women are chiefly important to them as a means for men to betray one another; but this

* *James Joyce*. By Richard Ellmann. *Oxford*. 63s.

frame of mind often goes with a deep belief that women are nobler than men, as in the great cry of Joyce in a letter to Nora: '*How on God's earth* can you possibly love a thing like me?' We are shown Joyce collecting Nora's dreams here, in 1916, as part of his field-work, with his own confident interpretations; she dreams of Prezioso weeping, and he explains the details as 'a secret disappointment that for herself so far it is impossible to unite the friendship of two men through the gift of herself differently to both'. Whatever 'differently' may amount to, this proves that he assumed the impulses of his revered wife to be pretty near what the notes for *Exiles* ascribe to the heroine:

> Bertha wishes for the spiritual union of Richard and Robert, and believes that union will only be effected . . . carnally through the person and body of Bertha, as they cannot, without dissatisfaction and degradation, be united carnally man to man.

Surely it is plain that Joyce considered this as one of his advanced ideals, suited to Ibsen or Blake, and not at all as a sordid technique for putting his wife and his friends in the wrong; all his writing about adultery looks different if you recognise this in the background. Mr Ellmann had every right to say in the biography that he thinks the ideal harmful and ridiculous, but he is somehow committed to a duty of insinuating that Joyce hadn't really got any revolutionary ideals at all. Even in describing the story of *Ulysses*, where it is made farcically plain that Bloom schemes to get Stephen to bed with his wife, though maybe just to drive out the present incumbent, Mr Ellmann can only bring himself to say that 'Bloom is appropriately under the influence of his wife, whom he dissatisfies (to some extent intentionally), and wishes to bring Stephen under her influence too'. No wonder critics find the book sordid and gloomy, if the hopeful and high-minded side of it must at all cost be ignored.

Before reading this, I had been arguing that probably *Ulysses* really is a bit of autobiography, as it pretends to be; because Joyce was quite unable to invent a story, and must have got to bed with a motherly woman very unlike a prostitute before he managed to induce Nora to run away with him. I still think that he probably did; consider the 'accommodating widow' in whose house the book-title *Chamber Music* was found so funny – she would look about as out of place in *Dubliners* as the Dalai Lama. But I confess now, after reading the snatches from his letters to Nora at the time, and his stubborn determination to refuse her the word 'love', that most of the credit for saving him belongs only to her. The question turns largely on the date of Bloomsday, as Joyce was superstitiously literal; and I think Mr Ellmann has cleared it up. The 10th was the day he stopped her in the street and took her name and address, but after that letters had to pass, and the 16th was the first day the hotel servant voluntarily walked out with him; so the 16th really does eternalise their first official meeting. Even so, you are ignoring his intense conviction that he is a gentleman, let alone a judge giving a slightly appalling sentence to everybody he puts in the book, if you imagine he described his wife as Molly Bloom. After he was dead somebody asked her whether she was Molly, and she said with immense truth: 'She was much fatter'. When he decided at sight in a street that he must win Nora it was a genuinely magical moment, because he seems to have imagined before that he could only marry an intolerably aristocratic woman; the stubborn good sense and gaiety of Nora, it seems, were at once visible in the way she walked, and this would make it possible for him to continue life. A splendid moment, but all the same what the novel *Ulysses* is really about cannot be thought clear from the biography. Why, for example, did Joyce remark in later life that 'the nature of the legend chosen would be enough to upset anybody's mental balance'?

WILLIAM EMPSON

Poems: Graves, Enright, Moraes

THE PERSON FROM PORLOCK

. . . At that moment the Author was unfortunately called out by a person on business from Porlock and on his return found to his mortification that though he retained some vague recollection of his vision, yet with the exception of eight or ten scattered lines and images, all the rest had passed away. (*Coleridge's preface to Kubla Klan: A Fragment.*)

Unkind fate sent the Porlock person
To collect fivepence from a poet's house;
Pocketing which old debt he drove away,
Heedless and gay, homeward bound for Porlock.

O Porlock person, habitual scapegoat
Should any masterpiece be marred or scotched,
I wish your burly fist on the front door
Had banged yet oftener in literature!

ROBERT GRAVES

DOING, RECOUNTING, REVIEWING

'A work of piety and scholarship' –
If it could be said to be that!
(Impious, and no place for a scholar)

Or had only attained to
'All' – or even some – 'of the symmetry of a Ming vase',
Instead of all of the inelegance of a dropped kitchen cup.

Or managed to be 'indispensable to the student of . . .'
For everything has its students these days;
And it is nice to have authored 'an interesting theory'.

Is it perhaps 'refreshingly objective'?
Neither objective (written in blood, if someone else's)
Nor refreshing (even someone else's blood is sticky).

Not exactly 'a book you cannot put down'.
It is subject to the law of gravity,
The binding at least is not sticky.

'Endearing' – whom to what?
'Subtle'? – as bellyache or a road accident.
'Convincing'? – how rarely mere reality is!

'Full of charm and intelligence'?
No blurb could claim the one was possible,
The other useful, under the circumstances.

Not, alas, 'the truth about . . .'
Just a chip off one of the quarrelling truths
From which a lot of people make a living, and some die.
The actors sleep well. The cup has passed to the verbalisers.
Bad enough to have to write the book –
How much worse, to have to review it!

D. J. ENRIGHT

A LETTER TO DOROTHY

Almost I can recall where I was born:
The hot verandas where the chauffeurs drowse,
Backyard dominion of the ragged thorn
And nameless servants in my father's house,
Whispering together in the backyard dirt
Until their talk came true for me one day,
My father hugging me so hard it hurt,
My mother mad, and time we went away.

We travelled, and I fell in love too young.
More travel, and I fell in lust instead.
I could not help it really: I was young
And poems grew like maggots in my head.
A fighting South-East Asia, with each gun
Talking to me; then homeward to the green
And dung-smeared plains ruled over by the sun.
When I had done with that, I was fifteen.

At sixteen I came here to start again:
An infant's trip, where many knew to walk:
I stumbled dumbly through the English rain,
The literature, the drink, the talk, talk, talk.
I wrote about them: it was waste of breath.
For many they were home; for me too wild,
Too walled for me those valleys full of death
Who had grown up as wanderer and child.

Of one dying poet I was not afraid,
In conversation like an avalanche,
Convincing mainly by the noise he made.
He reinforced his views with gin-and-French.
Wrinkled and heaving, tuskless elephant,
He levelled a thick finger, grained with ink.
'To love somebody, that is what you want.'
'Yes' I would say, accepting one more drink.

Three winters I was drunk: one early spring
Brought me first love for you, my great good news:
Then my excuse to play the drunken king,
Staggering through bars, became a bad excuse:
The naked valleys shaken with alarms
Where hawk and serpent watched, were touched, and slept.
Morning and night your image in my arms
Taught me a harder task than to accept.

Earlier in time I prayed to be forgiven.
Through tide-scurf to the acreage of the whale
Truest to loneliness my sail was driven.
The westward haven of the traveller's vale
I have forgotten, making landfall where
Chin on your hand, you sit, and gentle things
Drift on your dream, transparent river where
The swan sleeps with her young under her wings.

DOM MORAES

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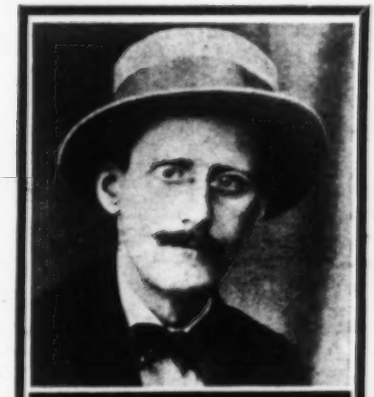

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Uncle Fred

The Memoirs of the Rt Hon. The Earl of Woolton. *Cassell.* 30s.

One of the main flaws in the Attlee government was its smugness. Pride comes before a fall, and disparagement of your opponents usually precedes electoral catastrophe. It was Herbert Morrison who, on hearing that Lord Woolton had been appointed Chairman of the Conservative Party, remarked: 'Knowing him as I do, it is O.K. by the Labour Party and suits us down to the ground.' At the time, the under-estimate was forgivable. Few could see that the non-party Fabian, turned business man, who ran the wartime Ministry of Food, would turn out to be the political strategist chiefly responsible for chasing the Labour Party from office.

Now, surely, there is evidence enough to suggest that a reassessment of Lord Woolton's role in the Tory Party is required. Yet, in last Sunday's *Observer*, Earl Attlee revealed that he at least had learnt nothing from the long series of defeats which began under his own leadership. He started his review of Lord Woolton's autobiography with characteristic acidity, describing the author as 'a salesman, who had learnt the Pauline practice of being all things to all men'. Next he pointed out that he was one of the many business men who never succeeded in Parliament; and described him as one of those 'uncles' who, 'unlike fathers, combine authority with lack of power. . . . He was Carnot, the organiser of victory, but Fred Karno all the same'. And finally we come to this incredible passage. 'I think he had a natural habit of looking at things through rose-coloured spectacles. He thought things could be jollied along without too much friction. I think that there grew up with the years a veil between him and reality.' As a description of Earl Attlee, both at the end of his Premiership and as Leader of the Opposition, these words fit to perfection. But, applied to Lord Woolton, they are a little bit difficult to swallow.

Of course, in this book Lord Woolton gave Socialist reviewers plenty of excuse for writing him off as an avuncular nonentity. It is not the habit either of successful business men or of successful Conservative strategists to wear their hearts on their sleeves or to reveal in booming Daltonian tones how Machiavellian they have been. This book, like everything else Lord Woolton has said or written, is a piece of public relations, in which the bromides are deliberately inserted and the spontaneous indiscretions contrived. One of the secrets of his success in business, in the Ministry of Food and in party politics, has been his understanding that what earns popularity in British public life is less the record of an individual or an organisation than the image it presents. As Minister of Food, he made many administrative mistakes. But they were soon forgotten, thanks to his own public personality, which he carefully built up and projected through the press and radio. Since he took over the Tory Party, he has shown just as much skill in projecting the image not of himself but of the Tory leaders he has served and the New Conservatism he has largely created. That Sir Anthony failed to live up to the Wooltonian image was not Lord Woolton's fault. Now, in retirement, he can contemplate in Mr Macmillan the Conservative Leader who personifies to perfection the philosophy he himself worked out when he took over the party chairmanship.

One clue to Lord Woolton's success is that he was converted to Toryism not only at the moment but by the fact of Labour's victory in 1945. What shocked him into action was the imminence of nationalisation and the threat that central planning and State trading would become permanent features of the economy. At this time British Conservatism had not adopted a doctrinaire opposition to public ownership. Indeed, Mr Churchill had advocated it on occasion, and Mr Eden and Mr Butler, influenced by the tone of public opinion, were flirting with the view that there was something to be said for the planned economy. Lord Woolton would have none of it. His experience with the War Office in World War I had made him a fanatical anti-nationaliser and opponent of State trading. On the other hand, his intellectual ability and university training enabled him to understand and accept the Keynesian method of saving capitalism by strictly financial controls. Finally, he retained enough of his early Fabian enthusiasm to tolerate, if not to approve, some cautious advances towards the Welfare State.

It was on the foundation of these three principles that he now proceeded to construct the New Conservatism. This is really a kind of Keynesian Liberalism, not unlike that of the professors who provide the ideas for the American Democratic Party. What gave it its distinctively Conservative flavour was the anti-nationalisation campaign with which it was accompanied. Lord Woolton decided to discredit the Labour Party by identifying it with a nightmare image of nationalised industries ruined by bureaucratic incompetence, and of State trading with mounting losses at the cost of the taxpayer. What he taught his colleagues was the simplest and oldest principle of psychological warfare. Victories are won not by positive but by negative propaganda. If you want to defeat your enemy, identify him in the public eye with something intrinsically unpopular, and then magnify this unpopularity by systematic simplification and repetition.

In order to launch this campaign, Lord Woolton did not have to sacrifice his intellectual integrity. Like all really great practitioners of political warfare, he had the good fortune to believe his own propaganda. Nothing is more illuminating in his autobiography than the care he took, as Minister of Food, to ensure that all the State trading and controls he introduced could be rapidly unscrambled, or the ecstasy of pleasure he felt when he was given the task, under the Tory government, of dismantling the Ministry of Materials and destroying the last traces of State trading.

It has been suggested that this book should give Mr Gaitskell and Mr Bevan some hints on how to reorganise the Labour Party in its defeat. Certainly Lord Woolton gives no support to those who wish to change a defeated Party's name or to abandon its principles. On the contrary, if there is any relevance for the Labour Party, the conclusions to be drawn seem to be these. First, a party in defeat needs to hate the government in power, and for this reason should be reorganised by a man fanatically convinced that its policies are ruining the country. Secondly, constituency associations can only be revived by young candidates with fire in their bellies and with the knowledge that no one's money-bags can buy a seat. Thirdly, the place where such candidates can most easily be found is in universities, technical schools and training colleges. But, of course, if Earl Attlee and Mr Morrison are right, what poor old Uncle Fred did in 1945 has no relevance to the problems of British Socialism today.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

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Literature and Morality

Three Traditions of Moral Thought. By DOROTHEA KROOK. *Cambridge.* 30s.

The Ethical Idealism of Matthew Arnold. By WILLIAM ROBBINS. *Heinemann.* 25s.

The history of ideas is now a busy crossroads, with people arriving from Philosophy, Social Studies, History and English: some to talk to each other, some to stand around in self-conscious groups, some to catch converts to take back down their own road. The period of specialisation seems to be ending, under the pressure of real questions, and any genuine confluence must certainly be welcomed. Two new books, by teachers of English, on moral and religious ideas, give us an occasion for reviewing the gains and the difficulties of this growing process.

Three Traditions of Moral Thought is based on lectures given for the Moralists paper in the English Tripos at Cambridge. This is notoriously a difficult paper, to read and to teach. On the one hand it would obviously be wrong to limit the teaching of English, or the teaching of literature, to drama, fiction and poetry. The graduate in English who did not know Hooker, Hobbes, Hume, Newman, to take major examples, would be poorly equipped. The relevant teaching, one would say, would be exposition of the texts, and consideration of the prose, but in practice this is bound to be extended to considering the quality of the embodied experience, and then any adequate exposition would involve at least reference to traditions of thought, which pushes the subject towards the history of philosophy. Given the ordinary critical process, this can quickly become the consideration of true philosophical questions, but, as things

stand, by students and teachers with little or no formal philosophical training. The process may well be exciting, but it may not be, though it resembles, philosophy.

Mrs Krook defines two intentions: 'to develop a theme concerning the nature of the moral life', which is obviously philosophical, and 'to indicate how the skills of literary criticism may be found useful in the study of philosophical works', which is equally obviously part of an English course. The critical intention is quite successfully realised in such things as analysis of the structure of a Platonic dialogue, and in particular comments on the writing of Hobbes and Bradley. It is the more general intention, as Mrs Krook handles it, that raises doubts. Her three traditions are 'Platonic-Christian', with Plato's *Gorgias* and Paul's *First Corinthians* as texts; 'Secular or Utilitarian', with Aristotle's *Nicomachean Ethics*, Hobbes's *Leviathan*, and Hume's *Enquiry*; and 'Humanist', with Mill's *Three Essays on Religion*, Arnold's *Literature and Dogma*, Bradley's *Ethical Studies*, and Lawrence's *The Man Who Died*. Already at this outline stage one is restive, for the categories could be argued about, the selection is strange, and 'Humanism', for example, is defined as not that 'of Bertrand Russell and the Rationalist Press Association', nor 'merely scientific', but as continuous with and developing from Christianity, sharing with it a 'common recognition of a superior or transcendent order of values'. It is not that this cannot be reasonably argued, but it remains very doubtful whether the audience originally addressed would be sufficiently instructed to realise quite what is being offered.

When it comes to discussion of the actual works, the initial misgivings are strengthened. Plato and Paul get respectful exposition, but Aristotle is introduced as one holding 'the *low* view of man's nature', and Hume, after some argument, is dismissed with this sentence:

> In view of omissions of such a range and magnitude one might well ask at the end of the *Enquiry*, What does it profit a man to pursue the useful or the pleasant or both if it yields nothing more real or sustaining (or even interesting) than the code of conduct that once prevailed in the smoking-rooms of eighteenth-century London?

Writers who draw attention to questions of tone and quality in language should remember that one is not exempted from criticism by virtue of being a critic. But it is not really Mrs Krook whom one hears at such points; it is Arnold and Eliot, who are full of this kind of thing, and this is significant because for the average student of English the introduction to philosophy is through these two men. I am as insistent as anyone that moral questions cannot be left to philosophers, any more than society to sociologists, but to dismiss a man like Hume with this kind of remark is to invite both professional and general derision.

Yet it is more than this. The book expounds and argues quite carefully as a rule, but its major intention is suasory, if indeed so mild a word will do. The recommendation of religious humanism is interesting and useful, but it ends, incredibly, with the foresight, derived from the Lawrence story, of a new Messiah of sexual love:

> Humanism, like its predecessors in the central religious tradition of our civilisation, is Messianic in character. It believes that the redemptive power of sexual love can be affirmed only by a single, individual Person, who shall proclaim it with the authority derived from his unique knowledge of its power to redeem, and shall thereby make the complete and perfect Word flesh for the final salvation of the world.

The sincerity is obvious, and the discussion of love is important, but we have now moved rather

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FABER & FABER

far from the introduction to English students of works of moral thought. If the necessary attempt is to go on being made, the most stringent and understanding criticism is evidently needed.

Professor Robbins, by comparison, is orthodox. It has been assumed by most English students, on Eliot's authority, that Matthew Arnold's religious writings are absurd and negligible. This intelligent and scholarly book analyses *Literature and Dogma, God and the Bible,* and other essays, tracing influences and setting them in the context of the 1860-1880 religious debate. A concluding 'glance at the contemporary scene' brings the argument down to our own day, though in outline only. It still seems to me, after reading this careful discussion, that Arnold was interpreting new experience through traditional descriptions, and inevitably failed to satisfy either party. But the argument is open, which is what really matters. The first thing to bring to the crossroads is respect; without it we shall be clamped back into the substitute of our disciplines.

RAYMOND WILLIAMS

Formal and Relaxed

For the Unfallen: Poems 1953-1958. By GEOFFREY HILL. *Deutsch.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

An Attempt at Exorcism. By EDWIN BROCK. *Scorpion Press.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Universities Poetry Two. *Keele.* 2*s.*

Around 1953, Mr Hill's Oxford Fantasy Press pamphlet came out about the same time as those of Amis, Wain, Alvarez, Thom Gunn, Martin Seymour-Smith, Philip Larkin. He is not in the least like any of them. He 'does poetry' – as people talk today of 'doing philosophy' – not in the current relaxed manner but with a chillingly distinguished formality. The sense of these poems of his is elegy – elegy, in a broad sense, for Europe. The tone is a modulation of oratory, allowing irony, but not undermining the oratorical mode itself. The feeling is a tug between a sense of the monumental grandeur of the European heritage and a violent nausea at its roots in bloodiness and greed. The intention is not to unloose this knot but to pull it as painfully tight as possible in intricate patterns of words. The stylistic affinities are not with any living English poets but with American poets of the South, like Allen Tate and John Peale Bishop. Mr Hill shares the passion of these two poets for a cold latinate splendour of diction, for the decorum of the funeral speech and the monumental inscription, of the personified abstract idea and the time-hallowed iconography of grief. Here are some lines which are about a painfully topical subject, peace based on terror, and the victims, whom we have to forget, of both peace-making and war. The style arrogantly distances the topicality:

> We celebrate, fluently and at ease.
> Traditional Furies, having thrust, hovered,
> Now decently enough sustain Peace.
> The unedifying nude dead are soon covered. . . .
>
> Here are statues
> Darkened by laurel; and evergreen names;
> Evidently-veiled griefs; impervious tombs.

Every word, in these poems, compels the mouth to shape it with love and care. I hardly know what the man is like behind the words; but I salute a master rhetorician.

Mr Brock is in the more usual relaxed mode. His tone is informality, without smartness. His sense, or subject-matter, is what the content of an intimate letter might be; ranging from his feelings about a brother in a military prison to what it feels like to take communion alongside a wife whose religious beliefs are firmer than one's own. His feeling is an alert concern or compunction. His intention is to engage the reader in that concern. The poems are more impressive together than apart, and one feels at the end of the book that one has had the privilege of meeting an unusually scrupulous and decent person. Mr Brock was a policeman, and his volume should cheer up people who are beginning to feel that policemen are an alien and sinister race. He is very far, however, from being the traditional jolly village bobby either, and his poems, for all their background of working-class life, are in no sense naive. He confirms me in a suspicion I have long held that most of the current fuss about a great gulf of speech and sensitivity between classes in Great Britain is nonsense. The vulgar and obtuse are to be found in all classes, and so are the intelligent and sensitive, of whom Mr Brock is one. Here is a good stanza from an autumn elegy:

> A children's playground peels my life away.
> Down fall the leaves as though the tree were dead.
> On seesaws, swings, and buses I decay.
> The hair 'alls down which spins upon my head.

In a lively informal introduction to this year's *Universities Poetry,* Mr Anthony Smith writes: 'I'll tell you: I think we've got a fine anthology here, and I think in three, or at the outside, four, years it will look as dead as the Georgians.' He quotes samples of movement-style verse from the anthology, and this style certainly is beginning now to look desperately mannered. Two poets, Donald Monk and M. Paris Leary, lean heavily on the Pound of *Hugh Selwyn Mauberley* and seem to me to have more rhythmical life than some of the others, as in Leary's lines,

> Stood wondering, alive and gauche,
> in the polite decay

or as in Monk's,

> That curl,
> There, as it falls in your eyes, the motions
> Of your quick hands, will be forgotten . . .

I have also enjoyed a poem by Andrew Roberts, in the formal, not the relaxed, mode:

> Icicles hang from roof and arch and fountain
> Not to be thawed by however rich a sun. . . .

Formality, I think (not, as Mr Smith suggests, a neo-neo-romanticism), may be the coming mode.

G. S. FRASER

Babe in the Wood

Communism and British Intellectuals. By NEAL WOOD. *Gollancz.* 21*s.*

Before writing a book, an author ought to make up his mind what he is going to write about. Dr Wood failed to do so; and the result is a silly, trivial book on an important subject, or rather on two subjects both botched. 'Communism' is a word with two meanings. In one, it is a system of thought, covering philosophy, economics, history, politics, and ethics. This system is regarded by many people as mistaken, but it is not intellectually contemptible. It has influenced many of the greatest minds of our times; it has been expressed in books of formidable scholarship; and, in a more popular form, has provided for millions all over the world a coherent picture of life. In its second sense, Communism means simply 'the Communist Party', an organisation with rigid discipline, though in this country negligible both in numbers and influence. British 'intellectuals', to use another catch-phrase of double meaning, have had dealings with Communism in both senses. Many have been attracted over the last forty years to its system of thought; some have become Communists in the sense of joining the Communist Party. Both sorts of dealing merit analysis, but they need to be kept separate. Dr Wood has not done so. He slithers from one to the other without seeming aware that they are two distinct problems, and therefore brings no enlightenment to the reader.

The treatment of intellectuals by the Communist Party is the more obvious of the two. There is also not a great deal to be said about it. The British Communist Party has always been controlled by men of working-class origin. They distrust intellectuals. Once in the Party, the intellectuals are humiliated, and their spirit is broken. Their minds can no longer function freely. I know of only one, Maurice Dobb, who has remained a member of the Party all these years without forfeiting his integrity as a scholar. Every now and then, some intellectuals rebel. The breaking-point may come over anything from genetics to music or even association football. Hungary provided the most recent occasion—a curious one to the outside observer, since Soviet behaviour in Hungary was no different from that in regard to the Warsaw rising of 1944 nor indeed in regard to Georgia more than a generation ago. These intellectual protests never achieve anything. The intellectuals are silenced or expelled; the Party proceeds on its monolithic way towards obscurity. The story is worth telling. But it is only worth telling once; and, unfortunately for Dr Wood, Mr Pelling has just told it more fully and more accurately in his recent history of the British Communist Party.

Dr Wood has then nothing new to say about the fate of intellectuals within the Communist Party. His book can have value only in so far as it analyses and explains the intellectual attraction of the Communist outlook. But he is incurably handicapped for dealing with this theme, since it has never occurred to him that Communism can have an intellectual attraction. For him Communism is an empty fraud and delusion, a gigantic bugaboo; and he writes about it as Gibbon wrote about Christianity, though without Gibbon's wit. It never occurs to him that men can arrive at Communism by a purely intellectual process; that philosophers may find in it a convincing explanation of the universe; that economists may regard it as the solution of capitalist crisis or mass unemployment; and that historians may accept its analysis of international relations. In my experience, Communism is intellectual alcohol – nasty and harmful if taken neat, but an essential ingredient of every stimulating drink. Dr Wood does not grasp that men can reason themselves into Communists. Therefore he assumes that intellectuals with Communist leanings are all barmy – 'neurotic' if literary, 'nihilists' if scientific, 'distinctly schizophrenic' in the case of Harold Laski. The last phrase only means that Laski found some good things in Communism, and some bad ones. Dr Wood's treatment of John Strachey illustrates his method. I do not regard Strachey as an oracle on all subjects, but I should have thought it impossible for any serious student to deny that his *Coming Struggle for Power* was not only one of the most influential books of the nineteen-thirties, but also the most powerful, carefully-reasoned statement in English of the case for Communism. If one wants to know why Strachey became a Communist, the obvious course is to read *The Coming Struggle for Power*: this provides the clear, coherent intellectual answer. Dr Wood does not do this: he makes no mention of *The Coming Struggle for Power.* Instead he picks up a light-hearted remark made by Strachey: 'I became a

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METHUEN

Communist from chagrin at not getting into the Eton Cricket Eleven'; and solemnly applies this as the key to an entire generation. Of course Strachey, who has a weakness for psychoanalysis, may believe his own explanation a little. It is a joke all the same.

However, honour where honour is due. One chapter deserves unstinted praise. This is where Dr Wood uses quantitative analysis. He makes a list of Communist intellectuals, arbitrarily chosen, and then tots up their family origins, schools, and universities. Most British intellectuals are of middle-class origin; go to public schools, and then to Oxford or Cambridge. And what does Dr. Wood discover about Communist intellectuals? That they were of middle-class origin, went to public schools, and then to Oxford or Cambridge. One specific conclusion deserves special mention. It is indeed surprising, though not apparently to Dr Wood. For he writes: 'It is not surprising that Trinity (Cambridge) became the focal point of student Communism in Cambridge and in the whole of Britain'. The whole chapter is on this level, a laugh in every line.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

China and Tibet

Tragic Destiny. By GEORGE N. PATTERSON. *Faber*. 18*s*.

Princes of the Black Bone. By PETER GOULLART. *Murray*. 21*s*.

Early in 1950 George Patterson, a missionary associated with the Plymouth Brethren, arrived in Calcutta at the end of a terrible journey, with an injunction from God and a most improbable story. The Chinese, he said, were invading Tibet and had designs on India's frontier states, and the Khambas of eastern Tibet, who had been on the point of revolt against Lhasa, were now in desperate need of help against the communists.

Nobody really believed him, or at any rate nobody was prepared to do much about it, but for several years this astonishing and dauntless missionary worried away at the officials of India, Britain and America, trying to squeeze from them some kind of realistic policy towards the unhappy Tibetans, and at the same time, to use his own words, trying to keep his lines of communication with God clear. As for Tibet, his efforts were obstructed by bureaucratic cynicism, a shattering earthquake, and his own thrombosis, not to mention the Dalai Lama's state oracle; and as to the lines of communication (the insects in Mr Patterson's bonnet are no ordinary humble bees) they would have been pretty effectively jammed by his mission's Establishment if he hadn't been such a very determined man. That his cause was a failure was no fault of his – it must have been particularly galling for him to watch his beloved Tibet being steadily absorbed by China as he had warned, while people in Peking and Delhi talked airily of *panchasila* and the Indian Ambassador to China reported that the absorption simply wasn't taking place. And it is to his credit that, despite avowed prejudices, he has written such a readable book about the fortunes of one of the world's most unfortunate countries, and such a lucid account of the events that led up to the final tragedy of March 1959.

Peter Goullart is a Taoist, but unlike Mr Patterson he keeps his religion quietly to himself. He is the classical traveller, knowledgeable and inquiring, and in his kindly way he invites us to share the gruelling march, the tiffs with porters, the bean curd soup, the rats that scuttle over him at night. For him, fabulous peaks shimmer in the purple sky, golden blossom dapples the valleys, natives put out their tongues in greeting, a thicket rustles and a leopard jumps; and he knows a Tibetan-eared pheasant when he sees one. When he is stricken with vertigo on a path above a precipice, his Chinese friend plies him with rice wine and, once past the danger, we sigh with relief.

Ostensibly Mr Goullart was in the Sikang province of western China to set up industrial co-operatives among the mountain people, but it is easy to see why the local officials, corrupt though they were, were so suspicious of his motives, for he seemed to do nothing but travel through the most dangerous country he could find, hobnobbing with robber barons, Tibetan duchesses, gold smugglers and lamas. It is easy, too, to see why he fell in love with the Lolo tribesmen, who detested the Chinese and cared only for their pride and their mountains. Prince Molin, alias Prince Electric Light, of their Black Bone aristocracy, said to him, 'We are growing stronger, we will yet play a great role in the world of the future'. That was twenty years ago. One wonders what he is doing now.

NICHOLAS WOLLASTON

Ringing Grooves

A Short History of Scientific Ideas to 1900. By CHARLES SINGER. *Oxford*. 35*s*.

Scientific ideas are born in the minds of men, so there is nothing more personal and human than the history of science. Historicism is at its most inane when it attempts to turn the ideas of such rum coves as Newton, or Pascal, into the mouthings of puppets. Yet scientists only kneel on the shoulders of their predecessors; even an extraordinary genius does not lift himself by his own boot-straps. To appreciate a new idea, one must see it in its context, which is as social, as intangible, and as generalised as any challenged civilisation or exploited class.

Dr Singer steers a skilful course between biography and sociology. For an elementary book, it conveys remarkably well the intellectual tone of the Greek, Roman, Medieval and Renaissance theories of Nature, yet the detail illuminates the lives of the men who invented and believed those theories. There is a compendium of knowledge in the background, the style is clear and straightforward, and the opinions are shrewd and sensible. In other words, it would have been a wholly admirable basic textbook for school or university – if only the attempt had not been made to bring it as far as 1900. The last chapter, in particular, is not nearly as good as the earlier parts. By 1850 science had become so complex and specialised that there is only room in this book to sketch the ideas themselves, and mention their authors by name. Each section is scarcely more than is normally taught to beginners in the science itself – that is, a string of Biblical 'begats' – laced with some watery philosophical meanderings on Mind, Matter, Man, etc. It is also disturbing to note some omissions: Mayer and the Doctrine of Energy; Joule and Kinetic Theory; Seebeck and thermo-electricity. The fact is that nineteenth- and twentieth-century sciences need their own specialist historians, like Sir Edmund Whittaker, to establish the details, and clear up the messy traditions of the scientists, who are not interested in discoveries, once they are made, and have already shouldered their axes and moved on with the frontier. A bird's-eye view even in 100 pages, cannot do justice to the complexity and subtlety of their labours.

JOHN ZIMAN

Indian Origins

Early India and Pakistan. By SIR MORTIMER WHEELER. *Thames & Hudson*. 25*s*.

The unity of human civilisation, at least in its earlier pre-historic periods, has come to be universally recognised through the recent researches of archaeologists, anthropologists and scientists. It is commonly known that the paleolithic inhabitants of the various parts of the earth used similar tools and probably looked very much like each other. Even the peoples of the historical periods seem, in spite of vast distances, to have shared knowledge of techniques. And they borrowed cultures from each other. Of course, detailed knowledge about the prehistoric, proto-historic and early historical periods is still buried in scientific and technical journals and has not yet percolated into the hands of the intelligent public. This series about ancient peoples and places edited by Dr Glyn Daniel is, therefore, very welcome, as it will provide consecutive accounts of the early civilisations of the whole world, in readable monographs, with beautiful plates, drawings and charts.

The present volume will do a good deal towards familiarising people with the darker part of the early history of India and Pakistan. Sir Mortimer Wheeler was Director-General of Archaeology in India and Archaeological Advisor to the Government of Pakistan, and brought to these duties the enlightened attitude of some of the great European archaeologists in India, like General Sir Alexander Cunningham, Sir Aurel Stein and Sir John Marshall. He not only mastered all the intricate facts which have been got together through the patient researches of the last hundred years, but he seems to have kept in mind the words of James Prinsep: 'What the learned world demands of us in India is to be quite certain of our data, to place the monumental record before them, exactly as it exists now, and to interpret it faithfully and literally'. He writes in an elegant conversational style, eschewing the long sentence, and he is able to make the facts about stone axes and choppers, palatable to the non-technical reader. Few people appreciate how difficult it is to make archaeological information about far-off people interesting to audiences which are culturally inbred.

The main basis of the book is derived from the evidence of pottery and stones and such evidence of cultural contacts as he can get hold of about peoples, who, even in their mature periods, did not write history. The first conclusion Sir Mortimer arrives at is that, 'like the Mediterranean, the Indian Ocean is an essentially unitary "culture-pool"'. He does not jump to conclusions easily. He discounts the attitude of myth-making and of wild exaggeration. Like some of his predecessors in India, his approach is scientific. If even the most painstaking analysis on his part does not yield results, he is not afraid to say so. For instance, after the most careful investigation, he finds that there is very little about the old stone age men in India available to form the basis of any deep and assured knowledge: 'For all our skill', he says, 'they are doomed to remain, these pioneers, little more than "Handaxe Folk", or "Pebble-chopper-chopping Folk", little more than archaeological labels which thinly disguise the poverty of our understanding'. About the fourth millennium, however, Sir Mortimer argues, Mesopotamia became the source of civilisation in the Indian Ocean area. And, he suggests that 'Mohanjodaro came into being in full awareness of the evolved civic idea – an idea which it can only have received

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from an adult Mesopotamia', but a way of life which was improved upon and developed under local conditions.

This concept of the composite nature of almost all the cultures in India, of the old stone age, the Indus civilisation, the Ganges civilisation, Central Indian civilisation, the South Indian and the Mauryan, is worked out with adequate evidence and by cogent arguments. Such reasoning was very necessary in the face of Indian chauvinism of the last half-century. And it will help us to understand the 'miracle' of India's continuous creativeness, until the eighteenth century, in spite of all the ups and downs of its history. Apparently, if in the old stone age India had affinities with Africa in the Indus civilisations with Mesopotamia, the Gangetic bronze or copper age showed 'how the borrowed ideas and materials could be transmuted by the genius of a borrower supported by a prolific environment and drawn by imaginative ambition'. Again, in the Iron Age, the India of the Planes achieved a technical revolution in the same way.

The Mauryan Empire, with which pre-history ends and dated history properly begins, is rightly considered by Sir Mortimer 'to be the cultural sequel to the Achaemanical Empire of Persia, though not its reflection'. Not many people know that the four lions on the Sarnath Capital, which is the present emblem of Government of India, were adopted, like many other things, by the Emperor Ashoka from Persia. The borrowing is not so much physical as inspirational, not as blue prints but as intelligent stimuli. In Sir Mortimer's words: 'the process is not altogether unlike that of biological evolution. History suddenly presented India with a whole complex of notions and variations from which she selected those best adapted for survival and development in her particular intellectual climate'.

And thus the tree of Indian culture was nourished, time and again, by influences which were so readily absorbed that the new leaves that the tree put on seemed to draw sustenance from the roots; whereas, actually in fact, the fresh blossoms derived a good deal of their vitality from every wind that blew across India's hospitable landscape.

MULK RAJ ANAND

The Early Class Struggle

Chartist Studies. Edited by ASA BRIGGS. *Macmillan.* 42s.

Chartism was a failure. No amount of special pleading by those anxious to detect the red thread of progress in the history of the labour movement, or to answer the curt 'It achieved nothing' of old-fashioned textbooks, can turn it into anything else. The iron curtain of defeat and disintegration shuts it off from the present. For practical purposes the continuous history of the modern British labour movement begins – and how much more modestly – on its wreckage. It was not even one of those gallant failures which turn into myth, like the Paris Commune, drowned in the blood of massacre, the Spanish Republic fighting to the last, or, in our more modest way, the Tolpuddle Martyrs, exiled to Botany Bay. As Mr Mather makes clear in one of the best chapters of this book (and the saddest) except for one moment, and that one unplanned by the Chartists, it never frightened the government, which regarded it as a fairly routine problem of public order even in 1838 and 1848. It hardly needed to be suppressed but could be left to collapse. It possessed no effective unity, no serious national organisation and strategy, no competence, no leaders: nothing but the hunger and oppression which time and again united masses of desperate people into the semblance of a national movement. Up to the present nobody has even written a full and adequate history of it, and there is no biography at all of Feargus O'Connor, who came nearest to being its leader.

And yet Chartism was without question the greatest and most interesting movement ever undertaken by the British working class, and a phenomenon of the utmost historical importance. Its very scale is awe-inspiring. Even if we allow for padding, the nominal 3.3 million signatures of the 1842 petition must have represented a huge percentage of the workers in a semi-industrialised country whose total population was less than nineteen millions, and whose urban population less than half this figure. It was the first movement in history whose core was an industrial working class and which was largely led by manual workers. The fashionable view that Chartism appealed primarily to the dying survivals of domestic industry and to the crafts cannot survive these *Studies*. More than this: Chartism was the first nation-wide movement in history which represented a self-conscious class of wage-workers demanding state power not merely as part of a general radical front against 'aristocracy and privilege', but alone, against capitalist employers. And Chartism is unique above all as the only mass movement of the British working-class which can fairly be called revolutionary. It had no idea of how revolutions are made: the hardbitten continental Jacobin must have regarded its pikes and muskets with contempt, its failure to use obvious opportunities of local insurrection with pity. For just as Chartism failed to find even a Lassalle and found only an O'Connor, so it had not even its Easter Rising, but only the muddle of Newport. But of the feeling which, especially in the North and West, made men despair of gradual improvement and ready for all eventualities, there can be no doubt.

The present volume, with all its deficiencies, is the most important contribution to the study of this remarkable movement made in the past forty years. It advances matters in two ways: by recognising that the history of so complex and heterogeneous a movement can only be written on the basis of team-work, and by providing, in Professor Briggs's two chapters, an interim synthesis which will almost certainly be the point of departure for the definitive one. These chapters show Professor Briggs at his lively and judicious best. Without ever forgetting that Chartism was a national phenomenon, he reminds us that it was also a conglomerate of widely varying regional and sectional movements. Indeed, its heterogeneousness was both its strength and its ruin: a few highly general slogans turned an assembly of special discontents into a single national movement, but as soon as that movement advanced beyond generalities, its divisions inevitably brought it down.

Again, without forgetting that 'hunger politics' determined its fortunes as a mass movement, Professor Briggs knows that Chartism was not a blind reaction like that of animals to electric shocks, but a conscious movement of men who thought about a new society, and a political community, or rather a collection of such communities. Each had its hard core of old political militants, its younger working-class recruits to politics, its loyal rank and file, its occasionally mobilised but decisive masses. It is indeed in these local communities that Chartism emerges in its most inspiring and touching form as the

battle in which labouring men discovered their ideal, and in doing so discovered their talents or even the mere fact of being human. It may be accidental that Thomas Cooper's Chartists called themselves the 'Shakespearean Association', but it is also symbolic. Moreover, if Chartist strategic leadership was beneath contempt (as is often the case in labour movements), tactical leadership and organisation, in which the wealth of local working-class talent was less hampered by its deficiencies, were remarkably advanced. There is nothing amateurish about the methods which held together the movements which Mr Pugh describes in Wiltshire, Mr Wilson in Glasgow, and Mr J. F. C. Harrison, with much acumen, in Leicester and Leeds.

Above all, Professor Briggs never forgets that Chartism was a class struggle. Indeed he is most original when observing that there were two sides to this struggle and that of the two the workers' was the weaker. For him 'Chartism demonstrated not the weaknesses of the working-classes, which were obvious, but the strength of the middle classes', who developed class-consciousness at the same time, and wielded their superior cohesion and strategy with decisive ruthlessness. The victory over Chartism was not won in Westminster but in Manchester. Doubtless this theory leaves much unexplained. After all, there is no *a priori* reason why mass movements in semi-industrialised countries should be quite so dispersed and leaderless. Quite often they have been of a different and more formidable pattern. Nevertheless, if Professor Briggs's conclusions may need modification, his general approach is valid.

The rest of the book contains much that is valuable, but also shows how far we still are from a good modern history of Chartism. The regional studies vary in quality, but not even the best is based on that full study of local economic conditions and fluctuations for which the editor rightly calls, and which recent French work on analogous topics has led us to expect. Large tracts of the subject are still in obscurity. Clearly it will be some time before such gaps are filled, before there are enough experts to fill them, or even before there is enough agreement about what the main questions are which require analysis. However, this volume does bring an adequate history of Chartism just above the horizon. Let us hope that Professor Briggs will one day write it.

E. J. HOBSBAWM

Indonesia Comes to Life

The Story of Indonesia. By LOUIS FISCHER. *Hamish Hamilton.* 30*s*.

'Why does Louis want to talk with me so often', President Sukarno asked of his press secretary one day. 'Tell him I enjoy it', Louis Fischer replied when told this comment. President and political journalist had a lot in common. The author, as I heard several times in Indonesia a few months afterwards, evoked a warm response in Sukarno and the result is that *The Story of Indonesia* gives the first well-rounded picture of the President. Louis Fischer liked him 'for his warm informality, vivacity, versatility, artistic temperament, love of women, absence of hypocrisy about it, absence of arrogance, absence of colour prejudice, wide reading, encouragement to painters and writers, dedication to Indonesia, resilience after defeats, sense of mission and kindness'. A tinge of the romantic in Louis Fischer's evaluation? Perhaps. But this did not prevent an interesting exchange of political views that were wide apart, all the distance, in fact, between Indonesia and America.

Sukarno argued hotly about non-alignment. Fischer tried hard to push him into a position of attacking the Soviet Union. 'You have an obsession about Russia', Sukarno told him, and held his ground most impressively on the factor of American intervention on the side of the rebels, and Dulles's ill-informed view that Indonesia was rapidly falling into communist hands and the President a willing victim. 'You know it was America that got the Dutch out of Indonesia', the American also claimed. 'No,' Sukarno protested. 'We fought the Dutch.' National pride was as much in evidence in the President as in his sharp-shooting interviewer.

Talks with other Indonesian leaders are recorded; with Prime Minister Djuanda, with the Army Chief of Staff, Major General Nasution, and with Dr Hatta. Temperamentally more like Sukarno himself, Louis Fischer did not, I thought, bring out the ability of Hatta – who is a greater statesman. He called him a perfectionist, and, in politics, he told him, 'there are no perfect solutions'. The clash between Sukarno and Hatta which has bedevilled Indonesian politics came out clearly at the end of the interview. 'I have known Sukarno for decades', Hatta said, 'He won't change. He will always start mass demonstrations for West Irian.' Fischer said: 'You may sit here for years.' Hatta replied: 'There will be changes.' We shall see.

Louis Fischer's imagination was set alight by Indonesia. But he wisely spent some months in Holland to complete his picture. His talks with Welter, Schermerhorn and Van Mook, all of whom played decisive parts in the drama of Holland's exit from Indonesia, are revealing con-

The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz

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ANDRE DEUTSCH: A SELECTION FROM OUR AUTUMN LIST

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tributions to the history of the Republic. In the autumn of 1945 when the BBC accepted the Dutch description of Sukarno and his Ministers as Japanese puppets, ex-governor general Van Mook was willing to talk with them. He went to Holland to persuade his colleagues to talk too, but they were adamant and uncompromising, believing God had chosen them to rule 'their Indies' throughout eternity. 'I was more liberal than The Hague', he told Louis Fischer. 'The reactionaries in Holland charged me with liquidating the empire.' The reason why he threw in his hand has never been clear to me, and Mr Fischer does not explain. But he reproduces one very interesting document – a prophetic letter written by Van Mook in July 1949 – six months before the Round Table Conference when the Republic was accepted by Holland. It concerned West Irian. He wrote: 'We must consider whether the proposed policy will not again deprive us of a major part of the remaining goodwill in Indonesia for an objective that has only emotional value and will cause us endless trouble.' Once again the Dutch did not listen, and West Irian remains to this day the worst irritant in Dutch-Indonesian relations. Yet, as a Dutchman said to Louis Fischer, 'the entire Dutch business community disagrees with the government policy of holding New Guinea'.

Louis Fischer is fervently anti-colonial. But he saw that nationalism was not enough to build a prosperous and contented country. A great admirer of Gandhi, he concludes this perceptively written study with a plea for village development with minimum bureaucratic controls and greater concern for islands outside Java. Many Indonesians would agree; and all, I think, will agree that Louis Fischer has sensitively interpreted their country and their leaders.

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Eating People Is Wrong. By MALCOLM BRADBURY. *Secker & Warburg.* 18s.

The War Lover. By JOHN HERSEY. *Hamish Hamilton.* 18s.

Goodbye, Columbus. By PHILIP ROTH. *Deutsch.* 10s. 6d.

The Cool World. By WARREN MILLER. *Secker & Warburg.* 15s.

The Seven Long Voyages. By LEOPOLD TYRMAND. *Joseph.* 18s.

The Impresario. By JOHN MONEY. *Bodley Head.* 15s.

We Are the Makers of Dreams. By WILLIAM J. BLAKE. *Gollancz.* 18s.

The Mermaid Madonna. By STRATIS MYRIVILIS. *Hutchinson.* 18s.

As the island suburb drifts on through the century the literary intelligentsia get typecast as sadder and sadder clowns. Any comparison, however oblique, with satyrs is out of the question now. Gaveston's directive needs to be heavily parodied for the modern title page:

> My men like zombies shuffling through the parks
> Shall with their crêpe soles tread a Litter Bin.

Mr Bradbury's first novel is a rambling tragifarce of provincial university life. A lot of it is very funny. If only he could have kept it keyed up to the standard of its best bits and given it some shape it would have been brilliant. As it is it suffers rather from being partly itself and partly a conscious parody of *Lucky Jim* – what a nuisance that book continues to be! Its hero is Stuart Treece, a deliciously dim English Professor, a humanist left over from the Thirties. Such plot as there is is supplied by his very half-hearted rivalry for Emma Fielding, the post-graduate student, with Louis Bates, a middle-aged, lower-middle class self-educated crank with a spark of poetic genius, and Eborebelosa, the neurotic West African. There are several farcical set-pieces like the lecture-visit of Treece's friend, Willoughby, the angrified poet and milk-addict of variable quality; but the mood in between the facetious areas is wry and original and there are flashes of sociological insight. I would not have missed it for anything.

The log jam caused by the printing strike has now burst and reviewers are in danger of being submerged. All, or nearly all, the novels in this batch are recommendable at the very least, which is better than average, surely. I almost wish Mr Hersey didn't write so well. *The War Lover* goes on and on, but so smoothly and readably that it rolls you over and over with it. It is the story of a clash between Buzz Marrow, a bomber pilot of technical genius, one of those pathologically aggressive, rubber-ball type Americans, and his co-pilot, Boman, a quiet intelligent fellow, who tells the story. He too, significantly, is a shorty: Mr Hersey seems to favour a modified Adlerian psychology. Buzz is only fully potent when he is dropping bombs. They are based near Cambridge and it is Boman's English girl, Daphne, who finally punctures Buzz by a low blow in the virility department. This is not quite convincing, rather too much the crucial traumatic incident in the case history, but Daphne apart the characterisation is satisfyingly knobbly. The flying parts, long-distance raids into Germany in 1943, are excellently done and give you a sharp vertiginous feeling of panic as the bomber-home disintegrates round you in mid-air.

Goodbye Columbus, a first novel by another *New Yorker* writer, is lighter and much shorter, an adolescent episode, most skilfully told with a lot of brilliant dialogue, and an intellectual's powers of observation brought to bear on the appreciation of girls. Neil Klugman, a young librarian, is having a fairly intense love affair with Brenda Patimkin, daughter of a much richer and overpoweringly hearty family, Jewish, though hardly so as you would notice by Golders Green standards. It doesn't go quite right in spite of her determination to be grown up. The significant slip by which she leaves her contraceptive appliance about so that her mother finds it is, for once, a satisfactory piece of applied psychoanalysis. Character is revealed against a background of swimming pools and tennis courts and teenage dances. It is funny and touching without being sentimental, a remarkably sure piece of writing yet never slick.

I had been led to expect something more accomplished than *The Cool World* from Mr Miller. This is a monologue from Duke Custis, a 14-year-old Negro, member and later leader of a Harlem teenage gang, The Royal Crocodiles, at war with the Puerto Rican Wolves. It has some documentary value. The sex life of the Crocodiles and Duke's proprietorship of Lu Ann, the gang's fifteen-year-old tart, is the authentic slum jungle pattern. But Mr Miller is not at home with the monosyllabic style he has made up for Duke and you get no real feeling of character.

Banned in its native Poland for pornography and nihilism, *The Seven Long Voyages* has a reputation to live up to. It is an interesting uneven novel, mid-way between love story and thriller with a lot of action purposely thrown away. Nowak, an adventurer, meaning to get smuggled out of Poland to Denmark, with or without a stolen triptych, becomes paralysed by his interest in Eva, a young art historian whom he meets at the station of the Baltic port. There are some convincingly detailed bedroom scenes, but Nowak's anti-feminist tirades are insincere and boring. The atmosphere of inconsequent obliquity with which the smuggling sub-pilot is invested is typically Polish. I cannot conceive why it should have been banned; all the anti-regime characters are such snakes you would have thought it would count as government propaganda.

The Impresario is yet another first novel, very English, quite promising. Young schoolmaster, recruited as holiday tutor to insecure theatrical agent's stepson, gets involved in family emotional tangles. Various repercussions at school, ending with a tragic accident that may just have enough symbolic value to justify itself. There are some useful scenes in home counties hotels of the kind you might find in the *Good Food Guide*, for one issue anyway, and an atmosphere of acute social embarrassment is nicely conveyed.

We Are The Makers Of Dreams is a long chronicle novel, full of action and politics, about a French bookbinder in the Thirties and Forties. Big scenes include the Stavisky riots, episodes from the Spanish civil war, and the Resistance. The villain of the piece is the bookbinder's corrupt stepson, father a White Russian. Told in the first person, it has a rather old-fashioned flavour but goes with a zestful narrative swing.

The Mermaid Madonna is a distinguished study of the life of Greek fishermen in an island off the Anatolian coast earlier in the century, when the problem of Greek refugees from the Turkish mainland was causing complications. There is a large cast in support of the heroine Smaragthi, a virginal orphan girl with a fierce drive for independence who becomes an expert octopus fisherwoman. I picture her as one of those Greek girls who are made, if anything, more beautiful by their moustaches. Her story has a good deal of charm.

In translation – by Abbott Dick – it reads limpidly, rather like a nineteenth-century French novel, though the life it describes is as Greek as *retsina*.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

The Hunt is Up!

Words and Things. By ERNEST GELLNER. *Gollancz.* 25*s.*

Mr Gellner has written a splendid piece of philosophical polemic which nobody interested in the subject ought to ignore. There are those who like their philosophy smooth and solemn. They will dislike this book very much. So will all those who want to be in the philosophical fashion. But all lovers of vigorous polemic will be gratified and in a trenchant introduction Bertrand Russell gives the whole enterprise his blessing. What Mr Gellner has done is to conduct an all-out, no holds barred, attack on what he calls 'Linguistic Philosophy'. This he takes to be a homogeneous movement, sprung fully-armed from the head of the later Wittgenstein, and now enthroned in Oxford. G. E. Moore was among the tribal ancestors and Professor J. L. Austin is now the tribal chief.

It is important to mention that Mr Gellner's account of linguistic philosophy is remarkably similar to that given by Mr G. J. Warnock in his *English Philosophy Since 1900*. Otherwise the most plausible line of attack upon Gellner would be to point out that he treats as members of a united movement philosophers who have in fact very different views. But Warnock's book provides the evidence that there are those who feel themselves to be part of just the sort of movement that Gellner describes.

Gellner's attack is conducted in two stages. First, he demolishes the philosophical positions. Then he furnishes a sociological account of why these positions are held by so many contemporary philosophers. The attack fails in both stages, simply because the evidence adduced is insufficient. Gellner claims that linguistic philosophers ward off attack by denying that they have ever said what they have in fact said. This gambit has certainly been used and it is difficult enough to meet in conversation. But in a book Gellner ought to have been able to forestall any such move by adequate documentation. This he fails to provide. Moreover his own arguments are too terse and schematic to be convincing. He continually *asserts* that certain philosophers have committed various mistakes, such as that of presupposing in argument the conclusions which they are ostensibly trying to prove. He only rarely attempts to *argue* that they have done this. This is a great pity because on many points Gellner obviously has a strong case. He gives an impression of being too exasperated by and impatient with error to argue with it at length.

Gellner's sociological analysis is equally compressed. What he does succeed in showing is that certain features of contemporary philosophical practice accord very well with the way of life of an Oxford tutor. This is salutary. When one sees what on occasion Oxford has done to the ideas of Wittgenstein, one is reminded, as Mr J. M. Cameron has pointed out, of what the Tractarians did to the ideas of Catholic theology. The same combination of verbal radicalism and social conservatism, the same apparent preoccupation with rituals and mannerisms, appear in both movements. But in both cases the ideas can appear and flourish elsewhere without any of the accompanying trappings. What Gellner has to say about the practice of contemporary

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philosophy in provincial universities suggests mere ignorance of the facts.

I do not want to give the impression that I think Gellner's book unimportant. Anyone willing to read it carefully will be continuously rewarded by Gellner's clarity and insight. But it will be sad if those who dislike modern philosophy, but are too lazy to learn about it at first hand, use this book to buttress their position. It is a great pity that Gellner did not extend his sociological analysis to cover the motives of those who attack contemporary philosophy as well as the motives of those who defend it.

ALASDAIR MACINTYRE

Be Lucky!

Streetwalker. *Bodley Head.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The title contrives to be both sensational and old-fashioned. Nevertheless this is a serious and moving book. It purports to be the autobiography of a young woman who was a prostitute in London for ten months in the days just before Wolfenden. The writing rings false here and there, as if another hand had been taken to it, but the girl's experiences are obviously genuine. She went 'on the game' at twenty-two, and she describes with some panache her year in that strange, classless world where 'neither clothes nor speech are any certain guide to character or inclination'.

> Once at the gaff, the hurried, the efficient and the businesslike are obviously one's favourites. Those who refuse to part with their money in advance must be got rid of, as must be those whose peculiarities did not reveal themselves at first meeting. The timid must be reassured of their safety and flattered into feeling they are the men they want to be. The Don Juans, with prowess to display and achievements to be retailed, must be suffered with patience; the Galahads who, with immense condescension, allow you contact with their persons, counting you lucky to have been favoured and expecting due appreciation for the honour, must also be supported.

The hauteur of this is charming, but the important thing is the curious note of gentility. This leaning towards the genteel is perhaps universal among prostitutes. Infallibly it divides the prostitute from the criminal. It was given pathetically frank expression in an earlier autobiography called *To Beg I Am Ashamed.* The author of that book assumed a nom de plume, and *Streetwalker* also is anonymous. Indeed a prostitute gives her own name rarely even to her clients. One reason is that she is ashamed, and this too marks her off from the criminal. He is proud of his identity and never hides it, except on occasion from the police. If he should write his life story, as the shabby moguls of Soho are incessantly doing, he will sign it.

For lack of a better word, we may say that a person who kills deliberately is despicable, somebody who hurts or cheats only less so. A prostitute rarely does much harm. She merely provides a service, actually the simplest and most basic of all social services. If the circumstances are sad, that is because life itself is sad. It is difficult to explain why criminals are quite widely admired, and prostitutes in this country scarcely tolerated. The author of *Streetwalker* soon found that the hardest to bear of her clients were the prigs. They were very frequent, and as soon as sated began to lecture her. This was even worse than the deluge of masculine self-commiseration that she otherwise had to endure. She had come to prostitution from an unhappy marriage that had shown her no truth, and the hypocrisy of her clients offended her worse than anything.

After a while she ceased to be surprised, having learned that hypocrisy is the English way in matters of sex. It is now a couple of years since the findings of the Wolfenden Commission were made public, amid a chorus of male approbation. Perhaps the distance of time may lend 'distance' in another sense to the bizarre spectacle of grown Englishmen complaining in the correspondence columns of *The Times* that strange women had been speaking to them in the streets of London. One cannot help wondering how many of these bold letter-writers have been accustomed to make use of prostitutes, and what their behaviour is with them. Partly through their clamour, hypocrisy is now entrenched by legislation.

Perhaps the new laws will not make much difference, but one fears that the way is made easier for violence. Our sexual natures being what they are, this is the major hazard of the prostitute's profession. The author of *Streetwalker* gives a frightening description of an encounter with a sexual sadist in a locked room at a Bloomsbury hotel. That night she was bitterly out of luck, and there is a phrase that recurs throughout her book. 'Be lucky!' the girls call to each other when they're out on the game, meaning get a man for four pounds instead of three, who won't give you gonorrhœa or beat you up or make outrageous demands or betray you to the police. Add to these hazards the moral disintegration and the wretched blunting of sensibility, so that the author began to wonder if she would ever experience sexual pleasure again. It is in the face of unhappiness like this that the righteousness persists.

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One would never guess from reading *Champagne for One* that the author is one of the oldest practitioners of detection still at his desk. Mr Stout has been driving Nero Wolfe and Archie Goodwin in harness together for the last 25 years, but his team is as fresh as ever and has never been handed a better plot to gallop away with. Archie attends a New York dinner-party at which a young woman who has been toying with the idea of suicide and never travels without cyanide in her bag, drinks a glass of champagne and drops dead. Why not *felo de se*? Because Archie, who had been watching both the glass and the bag, can swear, and does, that she contributed nothing whatever to her own demise. The reader can make a good guess at how the poison reached the chalice; but how the chalice reached the girl it needs a Nero Wolfe to demonstrate.

When a despondent fellow who is separated from his wife and has taken up drinking is accused of seduction by a total stranger, and the strange lady's body is promptly found by him outside his Californian beach hut, he naturally feels the trap of mistaken identity closing round him. In *I'll Die for You* Mr Ransome loads the dice against him with fiendish ingenuity; and as long as the circumstantial evidence goes on building up the book fairly hums along. With the process of unravelling a certain stodginess creeps in, but the solution is neat enough and pleasantly surprising.

Miss Mitchell invests her detection with a splendour and misery peculiar to herself. Every paragraph she writes is lively and readable, her characters assert themselves emphatically, her plots are astonishing and alluring, but the outcome is almost invariably a pack of nonsense. *The Man Who Grew Tomatoes* takes the usual course: a splendid start, when the hero arrives in Norfolk to inherit an estate (after his two predecessors have been somewhat unaccountably drowned) to be confronted with a row of unwelcoming faces; and a miserable conclusion when Dame Beatrice Bradley throws a spanner into the works with her sinister tomatoes. Miss Mitchell forever leads us up her garden path to introduce us to the home-grown goblins at the bottom of her garden.

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to Erle Stanley Gardner formula. A doctor's plane crashes on its way to Salt Lake City and is burnt out. Why did the nurse who was supposed to meet it go into hiding? A carefully worked-out scheme of action, flimsy characters and some weird psychology all lead up to a whacking great opportunity for Perry Mason to score off the District Attorney in court for the fiftieth time. If one can't relax in the arms of Erle Stanley Gardner one might as well die.

Miss Moyes is a very welcome newcomer who is not afraid to introduce a good deal of feeling into her detection. One cannot fail to notice that she takes a personal interest in many of her characters in *Dead Men Don't Ski*. At a winter resort in the Dolomites two dead men travel down the chair-lift shot through the heart. There are love-affairs, smuggling, a most important time-table of the ski-lift and, at the right moment, plenty of snow, from which one can draw the proper inference. Miss Moyes is too generous with her information to be very baffling. But she takes a glorious opportunity on her last ski-run to bring a gulp into one's old throat.

The Tangled Cord provides the clue to the murder of a New York playboy who has been tied up and suffocated in his flat – and a pretty wretched clue at that! There is far better evidence available to anyone who just listens carefully to what has been said. The Lockridges are competent but unoriginal writers of detection; they rely on stock ingredients almost entirely, car chases, lovers' misunderstandings, a tiny touch of torture and a lot of chat. The big moment up in the Westchester hills comes when Aunt Hilda saves the situation by brandishing a gun – and using it with accuracy.

Death Under Sail takes us back to old times: it was first published in 1932 and is just sufficiently ingenious to bear re-issue now that the author is a famous novelist. The plot is artificially contrived and the characters a set of dummies; but there are a few minutes when each one of them must be closely scrutinised to solve the chess-problem. An odious Harley Street specialist sits at the tiller of his yacht on the Norfolk Broads when he is quietly (that's an odd feature of the business) shot dead. Which of his crew had the time and chance to get at him?

Five thrillers come at the end of the list. *Hare Sitting Up* makes do with a plot that would hardly pass muster on Children's Hour. Yet Michael Innes's delightfully smooth narrative and leisurely air of sophistication never falter on whatever rubbishy errands he may be running. One of our leading experts in bacteriological warfare is kidnapped; identical twins confuse the issue; an eccentric peer loves birds more than humanity; and Appleby once again saves the day for old England.

In both *A Game for the Living* and *The Listening Walls* women meet with their death in Mexico. Miss Highsmith's lady painter is knocked on the head, raped, knifed and mutilated. She is known to have two lovers on the best of terms with each other, one of whom obligingly confesses to the atrocious deed. This situation allows Miss Highsmith a chance to air her morbid psychology and introduce us to some novelties in Mexican behaviour. However, she may entertain but cannot mystify us, as we have long kept our eye on a made-to-measure villain in the offing. Miss Millar's American lady falls from a hotel balcony, and her mousy friend who saw her fall disappears. *The Listening Walls*, too, dips into abnormal psychology, but not enough to impair the run of the story, which is well-written, brisk, and quite unpredictable in the outcome. Miss Millar is determined to fool us and in a rather roundabout way she succeeds.

No fussy psychology for Mr Chase! *Shock Treatment* tells a straightforward story of hard deeds in a hard world in hard words. A man who knows all about television sets rigs one to kill the husband of the woman he loves; but his nice little murder plan goes awry. The characters and events are all handled with the merciless precision that one may confidently expect from the author of *No Orchids*.

Lastly, the shady millionaire in pursuit of the secret formula from the cool fields of Ireland to the hot hills of Provence in a whirl of Bentleys and Ferraris. The hero of *Stop at Nothing* happens to be an ex-racing driver for good measure. Mr Welcome makes fast time round this hackneyed circuit; but he should be ashamed to waste his excellent dry prose in such trivial fashion.

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fantastic six-year sail from England to New Zealand, Adrian Hayter pressed his hands weakly against the increasing pains in his stomach, and said aloud, 'God, I'm hungry'. 'In that very instant there was a loud smack on deck . . . and I hurried above to grab a large flying fish. . . .' On land, Major Hayter reflects, it would be called coincidence.

But not at sea. From Joshua Slocum to Gerbault and Allcard there has always been an element of mysticism in the men who have sailed across the oceans. An Indian Army officer who resigned his commission and set out to sail himself halfway round the world, Major Hayter admits that 'the ship and the sea were only a means to an end', and this end was something he hoped to find in the voyage itself. 'That which we all seek' is as near as he comes to naming it. But there are clues.

The list of books he took with him is revealing – Charles Morgan, Huxley, Plato, Shaw, Tagore: one can almost see the grit of thought worrying the flesh of feeling, the struggle to form an acceptable pearl. When, weak with exhaustion, Major Hayter has to force himself to climb once more into his swooping cross-trees, he is glad that he has no companion to do this almost unendurable task, *because the companion might fail.* After the salutary smacking of a friend's insolent child, he equates his justification of this action with the argument for invading Suez, because 'one wrong committed without repentance . . . is going to lead to many more'. Ashore, he is more sad than angry when the people he meets fall – as they so often do – far short of his expectations. When well-meaning questioners ask, 'Isn't it terribly lonely?' he senses in them the fear of loneliness.

Such clues add up to a picture of a man who holds himself and his fellows in perpetual judgment, and finds both wanting: wanting most of all, perhaps, in discipline. It was an act of deliberate self-discipline for an inexperienced sailor, with no great initial love for the sea, to set himself so daunting a physical and mental task. There is little doubt that *Sheila in the Wind* will stand high among the epics of small-boat sailing, for it is remarkable story written by a sensitive and intelligent man in full control of his medium; but one cannot help feeling that he would be a very difficult man to know.

Major Hayter was saved from disaster on several occasions by an intuition, a voice, once by a palpable visitation. Every sailor has known that mysterious sensation of receiving a definite warning from outside his own consciousness. Captain Scott-Shawe, in *Mariner's Tale*, a chatty and colourful reminiscence of early days as an apprentice and officer under sail, knew it often enough and learned to trust it; but, he writes, 'there's nothing mysterious about it . . . it was just budding experience'. And when Mr Klestadt, fleeing alone from the Japanese in a 24' sloop, writes: 'nothing could harm me as long as I obeyed the laws of God', it is clear that these 'laws' are the same as Captain Scott-Shawe's intuitions of danger or Major Hayter's mysterious 'friend'.

In *The Sea was Kind* Mr Albert Klestadt tells in admirably restrained prose how, as a stateless German refugee, he had to flee Japan at the time of Pearl Harbour and make his way, virtually penniless, down through the South Sea islands towards the safety of Australia. For the first part of the journey he was alone; but from the South Philippines onwards he had six savage and unpredictable Moros as the crew of his native fishing boat, and a half-Moro army officer as joint master. At one point Mr Klestadt, faced with total mutiny, when lots had already been

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JOHN MURRAY

drawn as to who should behead him, talked solidly for two hours in his efforts to regain command. The author states that throughout the voyage he tried to model himself on Captain Bligh, and one is tempted to guess that had he chosen a less inflexible model the two dangerous mutinies might never have flared up. Nevertheless it is a remarkable story of courage and determination.

The hero of *The Grey Seas Under* is not a man but a ship: it is the story of how a small ocean-going tug was rescued from a ship's graveyard, refitted, and put to work off Newfoundland in the world's most dangerous seas. This necessarily episodic account of *Foundation Franklin's* deeds as a salvage-vessel vividly recreates the personality of this brave little ship. Ships cannot well be supposed to have souls, but there is at least as much justification for the men who sailed in *Foundation Franklin* to talk of her soul as there is for Major Hayter to suppose himself under the personal protection of some impalpable being. The sea is too terrifying to be faced alone.

JEREMY BROOKS

Collected Editions and Reprints

The ninth volume in Routledge's edition of the Collected Works of Jung is published in two parts: Part I, *The Archetypes and the Collective Unconscious* (52s. 6d.) and Part II, *Aion: Researches into the Phenomenology of the Self* (32s.) – both translated by R. F. C. Hull. Cassell's new *Spanish Dictionary* (36s.) edited by Professor Allison Peers, José V. Barragán, Francesco A. Vinyals and Jorge Arturo Mora, is the first to give due place to the Spanish of Latin America. There is a revised edition of *Chambers Twentieth Century Dictionary* (Chambers, 21s.).

New Penguins include Gerald Durrell's *My Family and Other Animals* (3s. 6d.), L. P. Hartley's *A Perfect Woman* (3s. 6d.), Norman Lewis's *The Volcanoes Above Us* (3s. 6d.), *The Little Nugget* by P. G. Wodehouse (2s. 6d.), and Alfred Duggan's *Knight with Armour* (3s. 6d.). A. H. Gale's *Epidemic Diseases* (3s. 6d.) has been specially written for the Pelican series.

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Week-end Competition

No. 1,549 **Set by Red Setter**

Liquefied natural gas from South America is being imported to add to our gas supply. Competitors are invited to submit a sea chanty (limit 16 lines) for the tanker's crew. Entries by 10 November.

Result of No. 1,546 **Set by Naomi Lewis**

Robert Graves once quoted the following definitions from a dictionary for children, compiled by Anna Brownwell Murphy about 1810:

TO ABANDON, is to leave or go away from; an *abandoned* man or woman means a *very wicked* man or woman.

TO ABHOR, to hate, to dislike very much indeed; as *'God abhors liars'*.

Prizes are offered for a set of three words with definitions, equally flavoured with current assumptions about morality, suitable for a modern children's dictionary.

Report

Lexicographers were in no two minds about the moral assumptions of the modern child, and it was pretty to see how earnest and many were the entries. When it came to the examples, though, where the real finesse – the telling appeal to the sub-adult mind – could best be shown, aphasia too often set in. No examples, no prizes must be our ruling. We are obliged to V. R. Ormerod for a definition of ROCK 'N ROLL – 'the movement of a ship in heavy weather that causes sickness among voyagers'; to Winifred Joyce Tayler for her note on the phrase: 'She has a passion for children' ('It is true to say, Passion causes children, also Children cause passion; see ANGER'); and to Ian Allan for providing models from a celebrated Pocket Dictionary already in most young person's desks: *e.g.*, 'RAVISH: commit rape upon (woman): enrapture, charm, fill with delight. CRICKET . . . not c (sl.): infringing the code of fair play between honourable opponents'. Mrs J. E. Cherry wins a first prize of two guineas; a guinea each to Anne Hathaway and Vera Telfer; half a guinea for each other asterisked entry.

COMPUTER, a machine for reckoning or calculating that which is not otherwise reckonable or calculable in a reliable way; as in the equation which shows us 46%:41%:X: on the Left as being equal to 49%:42%:X: on the Right.

LUNACY, a military term for madness, especially as applied to politics, *e.g.* '. . . those who voted Labour were absolutely barmy. (sl: Mad)'.

PEACE, freedom from war (as p. with honour, p. at any price, a treaty of p. – all now obsolete); currently used with 'Offensive' – *i.e.* disgusting, ill-smelling, nauseous.

J. E. CHERRY

FRIEND, a very close acquaintance indeed, as in *'We are just good friends'*.

BARMY, odd; a barmy person behaves in a manner of which Right Minded Persons disapprove.

TO EXPEND, is to spend or to consume. To get a meal *on the expenses* (noun, pl.) means *to dine very liberally*.

ANNE HATHAWAY

DELINQUENT, slightly naughty in a trivial way; as 'The delinquent child, who set fire to a church, was told not to do so again'.

DIVORCE, the friendly parting of married people; as 'My mummy has promised me a new daddy when she gets her divorce'.

DUTY, an obligation demanded from others; as 'It is the duty of my parents to give me all I want'.

VERA TELFER

*KEEP, have charge of, maintain, not lose. A *kept* woman is the opposite of an *abandoned* woman (qv). (Hilary.)

HUMAN, pertaining to man. It is only *human* to seek to be better off than one's neighbours. (Hilary.)

*ADOPT, to take from someone else: to choose. *e.g.* If a child is adopted, this means he was chosen by his parents, and not just an accident. (Winifred Joyce Taylor.)

TO LOVE, is to like very much indeed; a *lover* is a very special boy- or girl-friend who may not be married yet, but perhaps ought to be. (Allan M. Laing.)

OUT, state of being not in. As 'Thou shalt not be found out'. (Jon.)

GRAMMAR, obsolete system of rules for speech and writing. (W. G. Daish.)

*FOOTBALL, a betting system by paper forecast; see also under *horse-racing*, *dog-racing*. (W. G. Daish.)

*SOCIALISTIC, unfair, not very honest; a person who tries to take something that doesn't belong to him or wants to *change the rules* is *socialistic*. (Henry Walter.)

NYMPH, a grown nymphet. (Stanley J. Sharpless.)

DELINQUENCY, conduct natural to teenagers. (Stanley J. Sharpless.)

*CONTRADICT, deny, oppose. In a parent, unkindness; in a child, self-expression. (Rhoda Tuck Pook.)

CHRISTIAN, an enemy of the State who, in olden days, used to be thrown to the lions, *e.g.*, 'There was an extra lion, so one poor lion got no *Christian*'. (Chauve-Souris.)

*AGNOSTIC, one who is afraid of God but doesn't say so; a very feeble and unreliable man or woman. (REVERENT AGNOSTIC: an agnostic who is afraid of clergymen.) (Nimai Chatterji.)

CHARITY, a virtue, entailing huge self-sacrifice. Act of Charity is doing someone a great favour, regardless of personal loss, *e.g.*, giving a lift in one's car to a poor person, lending a lawnmower, etc. Also 'Charitable Nation' – nation permitting backward country to have limited say in its own government. (P. D. MacFadden.)

*FAMOUS, very well known, such as seen more than once on the telly. (L. G. Udall.)

TO BORROW, to take a thing belonging to someone else without asking for it, *meaning* to give it back but not actually doing so. (L. G. Udall.)

INVESTMENT, this means parting with your money to a person or body of persons, expecting to get more; if your daddy doesn't pay the rent one week and puts the money on a horse, he would be making an *investment*. (C. G. Pearson.)

RELATIONS, those connected by birth or marriage. It is good to have relations, but not relations *with*; that is often bad. (P. W. R. Foot.)

*HUMAN, belonging to mankind. 'Only human' means cheating, lying, etc. on a small scale. (David Burnard.)

PRIG, someone who disapproves of cheating, lying, etc., on a small scale. (David Burnard.)

TO ESTABLISH, to settle or fix: 'the establishment' the people who fix things. (Julia Matcham.)

CAPITALISM, is a game in which anyone can win but only those with *money* ever do. It is a *good, healthy* game for all children. (C. D. Throsby.)

COMMUNISM, is a game in which no one wins and those with money have it taken from them. It is a *nasty* game and is only for grown-ups. (C. D. Throsby.)

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City Lights

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The gilt-edged market has been remarkably firm again, and the £10m Middlesex issue – the first local authority issue since the LCC fiasco in April – has got off to a flying start: some of the many other Borough Treasurers who have been patiently waiting their turn for months past will now wake up. It's gradually becoming quite the thing to talk about the attractiveness of gilt-edged yields in relation to those on industrial equities if sterling remains strong, the prospect of persistent inflation continues to recede, and the banks, gorged with overdrafts, decide to support the government. Bank Rate? Before the election, certainly, Bank Rate seemed likely to go up at any moment; if the likelihood has lessened in the past few weeks it is only because of the unseasonal strength of sterling and the opportunity it provides to take account of the sluggishness of business investment plans. But Germany is now going in for dearer money. Their position, admittedly, is very different from our own: production has been booming for months past on export and investment (rather than consumption) demand, and now a further strain has been added by stockpiling in anticipation of the price increases which are thought bound to follow the tight labour position and the bargaining position of the unions. Yet, whatever the economic reasons for the German squeeze, it is bound to have its repercussions on the market in fixed-interest securities and on the flow of hot money. So Bank Rate seems likely to go up as soon as anything goes mildly wrong.

* * *

The rise in German interest rates, however, is of minor importance compared with what is happening in the United States. The US has made its expected plea to the GATT for an end to discrimination against dollar goods and Mr Maudling is to announce the latest dash for freedom at any moment; but the easing of trade restrictions may have only a modest psychological effect on an official US opinion which has only just discovered that goods produced at 2-3 times European wage rates are not always competitive. It is the suddenness of this discovery which is alarming. There is no dollar crisis, the US has huge reserves, it has only just run for the first time into a temporary trade deficit, but the country has just discovered that its resources are not as inexhaustible as it supposed and wants suddenly to overhaul its whole way of life. Congress, reflecting business opinion, wants sweeping tax-cuts and wholesale protection; the Administration, more reasonably, wants foreign aid to have commercial strings attached to it and Europe to contribute its fair share to the defence and aid programmes. Britain, naturally enough, is doing what it can to see that the Administration carries the day, trusting that the gamble will come off and that we shall not be left, the only free-trader in a protectionist world, to make a belated choice between Europe and the Commonwealth. The real danger, however, if the US continues in its present mood, wishing both to have its great-power cake and eat it, is that it may eventually have to choose between an undignified increase in the price of gold and a dignified but disastrous swing towards deflation. Our own balance of payments, for all the present strength of sterling, is far from impregnable; the rest of the sterling area is making a large contribution to the central reserves, and the foreign capital which is helping to finance this contribution is supporting an increase in foreign exports to the sterling area. Moreover, the Treasury's quiet admission in the middle of the election campaign that it had made a technical blunder and overestimated last year's record payments surplus by nearly a third, makes the £450m. target it suggested to the Radcliffe Committee slip much further away into the future.

* * *

Quis custodiet ipsos custodes? The directors of Hambros Bank may support the one share-one vote idea in theory, but in practice they allow superior voting rights to a class of shares predominantly held by the family and by family trusts; as happens so often and so understandably, the family wants to have its business public and still maintain undisputed control of it. But Hambros is taking another step. It is making a generous rights issue to shareholders of shares in an investment trust which at present is a wholly-owned subsidiary of the Bank; after this operation the investment trust will have raised £2m of fresh capital, its shares will be quoted on the Stock Exchange, and the general public will hold about a third of them: the Bank will hold 50 per cent. Since the investment trust is no longer technically a subsidiary of the Bank, it will be free to buy Bank shares; it is beginning by buying from a Hambro family trust sufficient shares in the Bank to carry 10 per cent. of the total votes, but it may buy more later on. No doubt the directors of the trust are buying shares in the Bank because they regard them as a good investment, but they are also leaving the way open for the sort of *Daily Mirror-Sunday Pictorial* interlocking, A owning effective control of B and B of A, which is so often deplored in the City.

Company News

Babcock & Wilcox, tube and boiler giants, have been disappointing the nuclear power optimists for some years past; the cut in the interim dividend from 6 to 4½ per cent. will be the last straw for many of them. *Associated Portland Cement*, as a first step towards tidying up the group's capital structure, is making a share exchange offer for the 17½ per cent. of the shares of *British Portland*, its main subsidiary, which are held by the public: the offer has to win over 90 per cent. of these public holders if it is to achieve its purpose, and there is always the chance that someone will be strong-minded enough to regard it as ungenerous *Spicers* and *Wiggins Teape*, the paper makers, have dropped their plan to merge their labouring waxed paper subsidiaries through fear of what the Registrar of Restrictive Practices might say, and *Wiggins Teape* is instead to acquire the *Spicers'* subsidiary for £3m in cash; *Wiggins Teape* will have no difficulty in raising the cash, Spicers' shareholders will have good use for it.

TAURUS

THE
GREAT UNIVERSAL STORES LTD.
A Year of Consolidation and Advance

The Forty-first Ordinary General Meeting of the Great Universal Stores Ltd. was held in London on the 27th October, 1959. The report and accounts for the year ended 31st March, 1959, were adopted.

Mr. Isaac Wolfson, the Chairman and Managing Director, said that during the year under review record sales were again achieved. They were 11 per cent up on the previous year. There was an increase in trading profit of £1,375,438. The year had been one of consolidation and development of existing interests at home and abroad.

The total dividend paid and recommended on the Ordinary and "A" Ordinary stock was 35 per cent. This was an effective increase of 2½ per cent on the previous year. It was proposed that a Scrip issue be made to Ordinary and "A" Ordinary Stockholders of one new "A" Ordinary Stock unit of 5s. credited as fully paid for every ten Ordinary or "A" Ordinary Stock units of 5s. held.

Trading Profits 1950-1959	
1950	£5,896,913
1951	£8,161,150
1952	£10,007,555
1953	£11,443,390
1954	£15,541,292
1955	£18,923,479
1956	£20,273,185
1957	£21,630,137
1958	£23,193,764
1959	£24,569,202

Mr. Wolfson concluded: "With the expert management which we have I see no reason why the progress of the Group should not continue and I personally look to the future with confidence."

The Great Universal Stores Limited, operating over 2,700 Stores, Shops, Warehouses, Factories and Depots throughout the United Kingdom and Overseas.

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if you can
MAD NEW MAGAZINE
MAD OCTOBER MAD 1/6
MAD EVERY OTHER MONTH MAD

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The LSJ, founded by the leading newspaper owners, with Lord Northcliffe as chief patron, has 40 years of journalistic teaching success behind it. Its *personal* postal courses in Journalism, Article Writing, Short Stories, Radio and T.V. Plays and Writing for Children are conducted by working journalists who are skilled at teaching.

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LONDON SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM (NS)
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The Chess Board

No. 520. Onward Plodding Pawn!

It is probably our ingrained sympathy for the underdog (and hence a thoroughly creditable motive) that makes us particularly delighted to see a humble pawn get the better of his betters, elbowing his arduous way to triumph against pompously powerful opponents. Here (quoted by P. Schlensker in his excellent *Schach-Echo* column) is a pretty case in point. /2r3k1/1p4kt1/pP1p2p1/3P3p/2PKt1BP1/P4P2/b3BK1P/8/. Being the exchange down, but with some lively pawns to show for it, White scorned BxP which would be no good against . . . BxP. He went in for (1) Kt-B6!!, PxKt; (2) P-Kt7, R-Kt1; (3) PxBP, Kt-K1; and not content with B-K3-R7 he started further fireworks by (4) P-B5, B-Q4; (5) B-B4!!, BxB; (6) PxQP, B-K3; (7) P-Q7, etc. True enough, the not-so-humble pawn had some of his equally pushful fellows to help him, but isn't it that very team-work that makes the exploit so pleasing? Now here (Grob-Johner, Zurich, 1940) is a more single-handed (or should I say single-footed?) exploit of a valiant pawn. /8/4ppk1/2Q3p1/p1P4p/P7/7P/2Prq1P1/2R4K/. White's passed P looks pretty menacing, though by . . . RxP Black could just get away with a draw. But he can do better than that by starting his own passed P on quite a sprint. (1) . . . P-K4!; (2) P-B3, P-K5; [gaining a tempo by the threat of mate]; (3) R-KKt1, P-K6; (4) Q-QKt6, Q-B7!; (5) P-B6, QxR ch!; (6) KxQ, R-Q8 ch; (7) K-R2, P-K7; (8) P-B7, P=Q; (9) Q-B5, stopping immediate mate, but . . . P-R5! forces it none the less. Another pretty example of the power—or, at any rate, the potential power—of the passed P was revealed in a correspondence game Vecsey-Rosmussen recently published by *Magyar Sakkelét*. /8/pp1b3p/3P3P/P1K1kp2/3Kt2p1/2P5/5PP1/8/. By (1) P-QB4! White offered the sacrifice of his Kt, and we'll soon see why Black declined that "Greek gift"; anyway he lost the game after . . . B-B1; (2) Kt-Kt5, P-R3; (3) Kt-B3, B-Q2; (4) Kt-Q5, K-K3; (5) Kt-B4 ch!, K-B3; (6) K-Kt6, etc. Obviously, (5) . . . K-K4 was defeated by (6) Kt-Kt6 ch, but now see what would have happened if Black had grabbed the Kt: (1) . . . P-Kt3 ch; (2) PxP, PxP ch; (3) KxP, KxKt; (4) P-B5, K-Q4; (5) K-B7, etc. Nor could have Black saved himself by (1) . . . P-R3; (2) Kt-Kt5!, PxKt; (3) PxP, B-B1; (4) P-R6, PxP; (5) PxP, K-K3; (6) P-R7, B-Kt2; (7) K-Kt6, BxP; (8) K-B7, etc. After all those paeans for the prowess of the pawn this game position might provide just the suitable 4-pointer for beginners. No doubt, the master's sucker had somewhat neglected his development, but White still had to make some provision for those fleet-footed pawns. How did he do it?

For 6 and 7 ladder-points **B** and **C** are both wins, both somehow consonant with this week's theme-song, and both by *E. Holm* who used to make quite a speciality of that sort of study. Usual prizes. Entries by 9 November.

A: H. E. Bird 1873

B: /4b3/8/P3p3/1p6/P2Ppk1/8/1Kt6/5K2/.

C: /8/3pk3/5p2/P1P1P3/8/1b6/Kt7/6K1/.

REPORT on No. 517. Set 10 October.

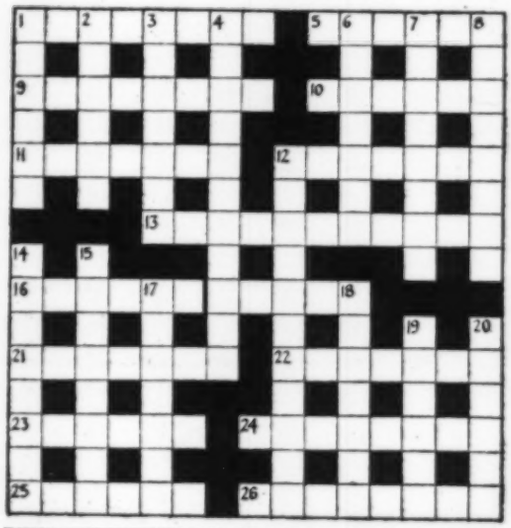
A: (1) . . . B-Q2; (2) QxB ch, KxQ; (3) Kt-B5 ch etc.
B: (1) K-B8, BxP; (2) R-K5 ch etc. If (1) . . . Kt-B3, (2) P-Q7 ch, K-K2; (3) P—Q ch, KxQ; (4) R-K5 ch etc.
C: (1) P-Kt6, B-R6 ch; (2) K-B4, B-B1; (3) P-Kt7, BxP; (4) P—Q, Kt-Kt7 ch; (5) K-B3, Kt-R5 ch; (6) K-B4, Kt-Kt3 ch; (7) K-B3, Kt-K4 ch; (8) K-B4, Kt-Q6 ch; (9) K-B3, Kt-B8 ch, (10) K-B4, Kt-Kt7 ch etc.

Many correct solutions. Prizes: W. H. L. Brooking, J. P. Ford, M. G. Harman (Junior) who used to be one of our schoolboy competitors and is now at Oxford, W. T. MacCall, C. Sansom.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 377

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 377, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 10 Nov.



ACROSS

1. Breath is potentially for the linguist (8).
5. Place of work not cooled? (6).
9. Legendary figure gives good order about backing culture (8).
10. Bob cuts and edges the ball (6).
11. Locally prevalent, but mostly minced minced (7).
12. A physical law makes it go into a liquid (7).
13. Nationalised railways would fall short of such dignity (11).
16. Former homes of Wellington and Stirling (6, 5).
21. Arundel changes to wash (7).
22. The upstart who fs on level terms with a venerable conservative (7).
23. Bright when there is a second to wait (6).
24. Devils and disasters (8).
25. Indicated the woman was married (6).
26. Surprised when what should come first came first (8).

DOWN

1. Emotion which makes even what one is wearing an angry colour (6).
2. 'The —— let through the day' (Housman) (6).
3. Divine creature I master deviously (7).
4. Tribunal which combines stiffness with caution? (11).
6. The Italian puts two enthusiasts over me (7).
7. Bends over in a schoolboy punishment (8).
8. Writer who has to speak in different sites (8).
12. It is useful for making up although perhaps almost past agreeing (11).
14. Pillars with a decoration on top (8).
15. Cut off a friend without a throw (8).
17. Approve the decapitation of the runner after the finish (7).
18. Player and non-worker (7).
19. Nucleus of the navy in a flat-bottomed boat (6).
20. 'We were —— upon the self-same hill' (Milton) (6).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 375

BLOSSOMS ATTACK
URE O ES E
MENIPPUS DABBLE
B A T N C E P
LATHE TEACHESTS
E E M B N T A
BEAVERBROOK
B W E T M A S E
IRONRATIONS
R O E M S P V
DALLIANCE INANE
W S N T N T R
ONAGER REMEDIES
O C P R T N E
DAKOTA ASHSTAND

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 375

Mrs P. Hardiman (Richmond)
Mrs K. Trask (Mickleover)
Mrs E. Harvey (London, NW7)

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2 bachelors seek 3rd to share Holland Park flat, own bedroom. 'Phone PARk 3387.

2½s. p.w. Comf. bed-sit., share bath 1 other, in return occasional baby-sitting. 'Phone PUT. 6615.

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BOARDING accommodation with social amenities for ladies & gentlemen under 35 from 52s. 6d. to 90s., partial board. Applic. forms & information: Belsize Residential Clubs, 13 Belsize Ave, NW3.

FURN. room W. Hampstead, in yng couple's flat, use kitchen and bathroom. Suit quietish s/c. student-type of any age. Approx. 50s. incl. heating. Box 6.

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LODGER (male) offered comf. cent. heated room in mod. flat Regents Pk Rd. £3 10s. all incl. plus 10s. with bkfast. GUL. 8326.

MAN, 28/32, wtd share Chelsea flat 2 others fr. 1 Dec. £12 p.m. KNI. 2023 (day).

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—continued

EXCEPTIONALLY pleasant bed-sitting-room, quiet Regency house, large garden. Breakfast. Other meals by arrangement. Easy access City, West End. HAM. 9125.

COMFORTABLY furn. single bedsitter, h. & c.w., in first floor flat, Finchley Rd. For prof. or bus. gentleman. HAM. 0720.

HAMPSTEAD. Charming single b/s. 3½ gns. p.w. incl. service. PRI. 0488.

ONE min. Arnos Grove Tube, furn. flat, 2 bedrms, lounge, kit., suit 3 yng men. £5 10s. 'Phone HIL. 6143.

SUNNY bed-sit. rm in large mod. flat, share kit. Suit bus. wom. non-orth. Jewish fam. Close trans. Evgs after 7. TUD. 2149.

HIGHGATE Wds. Lge rm bach. flatlet exc. furn. nr bus/tube. £3 wk inc. c.h.w., clng, el., use frig. bth. MOU. 5196 aft. 6.

LARGE downstairs bedsitter in Edgware. 'Phone MILl Hill 5874.

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club. 200 dble & sgle rooms. £4 10s. full board. 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon. CRO. 2634.

LARGE comf. bed-sit. room for gentleman, use bathroom, kit., in quiet, well-run flat, homely atmosphere. Nr Belsize Pk Tube Stn. £3 10s. wkly. Meals varied, nicely prepared when reqd. PRImrose 4223.

ATTRACT. furn. sgle b/s., h. & c., clkg facs. £3. Nr Highgate Tube. TUD. 0516.

RICHMOND. 5 mins stn. furn. flat, 3 rooms. 4½ gns. BUS. 1911.

DELIGHTFUL weekends 30s. 17th century Sussex cottage; furnished, main water, electricity; s.a.e. Box 11897.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—continued

HAMPSTEAD. 1 minute Heath, tube. 1 lovely studio room, two other attractive rooms, use of kitchen, bath and garden, together or separate. HAM. 4780 (not Friday).

COMF. furn. small flat, suit. teacher/civil servant. Own entrance, 1 lge room, kit., bathroom, separate meters. Borders Dulwich/For. Hill. Gd train serv. Char. X/City. 3½ gns p.w. in adv. FOOtscray 2561 aft. 7.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

LARGE family want house in London for fortnight at Easter, 1960. Jenkinson, Glencoe, Radcliffe Road, Bolton.

FURN. flat 2/3 beds, sit., bath. kit., 2 ladies, child. Up to 5 m. Leics. Sq., NW prefd. Quiet, clean, £5 p.w. max. No agents, all offers acknowledged. Box 37.

DEDICATED artists: 3 composers, 1 poet, (2 couples) desperately seek house/large flat where hermit-like, studious existence possible. Anywhere/reasonable. Box 11899.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

BLACKHEATH. S/d. house near Greenwich Park. 4 beds, 2 attics, 2 reception, breakfast room, usual offices. £3,000 freehold. Appointment view: GRE. 1536 after 6 p.m.

DELIGHTFUL Cottage in quiet country lane. 3 bed., 2 sit., bathroom, w.c. Main services inc. elec. Small easily worked garden. Garage with ample storage space. Freehold £3,750. Cobden-Sanderson, Lavender Cottage, Long Crendon, Bucks. Tel. 226.

PROPERTIES WANTED

REQUIRED to rent unfurnished, tiny cottage for one lady. Box 11793.

SCHOOLS

NEW Sherwood School, Epsom, parent-owned, progressive and co-educational, encourages children to explore their world and master its skills with friendly co-operation rather than authoritarian pressure from staff and parents. We welcome inquiries from parents of genuinely progressive outlook who wish to take an active interest in the development of their children.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION

Competitions will be held in 1960 for the following:—

ADMINISTRATIVE CLASS, Home Civil Service and Northern Ireland Civil Service (METHODS I and II). Three House of Commons Clerkships may be filled through this competition. Code No. AG/60.

FOREIGN SERVICE, SENIOR BRANCH (METHODS I and II). Code No. AG/60.

SPECIAL DEPARTMENTAL CLASSES, HM Inspectors of Taxes; Cadet Grade, Ministry of Labour; Assistant Postal Controllers, Post Office; (METHODS I and II). Code No. AG/60.

STATISTICIAN CLASS (METHOD I only). Code No. 21/60.

METHODS OF SELECTION: Method I consists of examination at honours degree level plus preliminary and final interview; Method II consists of short examination (English and general papers) followed, for selected candidates, by special tests and interview by Final Selection Board. Candidates for Method II must have, or obtain in 1960, a university degree; for Administrative Class, Foreign Service (Senior Branch) and House of Commons Clerkships it must be with 1st or 2nd class honours.

AGE LIMITS: At least 20½ and under 24 on 1.8.60 with extension for service in Forces or Overseas Civil Service. In addition, for Statistician Class (21/60), extension up to three years for approved post-graduate experience.

Write for application forms to Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W1, quoting appropriate code number(s). Closing dates: Method II, 30 Nov. 1959; Method I, 29 Feb. 1960.

WORLD'S PRESS NEWS AND ADVERTISERS' REVIEW

and its Group publications is looking for an intelligent and ambitious woman or man to develop as a Sales Promotion Manager. She should be between 30 and 40 and may be the Secretary to a Director and, having experience in an Advertising Agency, wishes to get on. He should be between 25 and 30 and may be a journalist or salesman with a flair for organisation and a liking for public relations. The work is interesting and varied and in the beginning will be taught and supervised by experienced publicists. Replies to Chairman, World's Press News Publishing Co. Ltd, 9-10 Old Bailey, London, EC4.

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GOVERNMENT of Tanganyika. Sociologist required to conduct field research into anthropological and sociological problems in developing communities. Degree in Anthropology or Sociology required with subsequent field experience in Africa. Upper age limit 35. Appointment is either permanent on probation or on contract for 30-36 months in the first instance. Salary £939-£1,863. Experience counts towards starting point. Contract-gratuity 13⅓%, of salary. Income tax at local rates. Free passages. Generous home leave. Apply Director of Recruitment, Colonial Office, London, SW1, for further particulars and application form quoting BCD 175/8/07.

PRINCIPAL Scientific Officer: Department of Scientific and Industrial Research. Pensionable post at the National Lending Library for Science and Technology, London, for man or woman with 1st or 2nd class honours degree in a scientific subject or high professional attainment, to assist in expansion and development of the Library, which will move to Boston Spa, Yorkshire, in 1961. Experience of scientific library or technical information work and, preferably, some research experience is required. Men's salary scale: £1,460-£2,070 (National); £1,500-£2,120 (London). Starting pay may be above minimum. Promotion prospects. Write Civil Service Commission, 17 North Audley Street, London, W1, for application form, quoting S5048/59. Closing date 25 November 1959.

EDINBURGH Association for the Provision of Halls of Residence for Women Students, Craigmillar Park. Applications are invited for the post of resident Administrative Secretary (Woman) of the above Halls tenable from 1 January 1960. Secretarial training including experience in book-keeping essential. Partics from the Principal Warden, Carlyle Hall, East Suffolk Rd, Edinburgh.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BBC requires Television Outside Broadcast Producer in Belfast to produce varying types of Television Outside Broadcasts, including sporting events, actuality and documentary feature programmes and religious broadcasts. This demands imaginative origination of ideas in visual terms and the practical ability to execute them at speed. Good educational background and considerable knowledge of either sport or current affairs also necessary. Television experience desirable but not essential. Candidates without this experience, must, however, provide evidence of good visual sense, ability to think and act quickly and adaptability necessary to work in the Television medium. Salary £1,545 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,970 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.1346, N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

UNIVERSITY of Malaya (Singapore Division). Applications are invited for (i) Lectureship, or (ii) Assistant Lectureship in Social Studies. Salary scale: (i) £1,148 × 49 – 1,442/1,540 × 56 – £1,820 p.a. (ii) £1,001 × 49 – £1,099 p.a. Entry point according to qualifications and expetience. Allowances: expatriation in range £280 – £308 p.a., cost of living in range £210 – £560 p.a. Passages for appointee, wife and children under 12 years. Part-furnished quarters at reasonable rent. Provident Fund Scheme. Detailed applications (8 copies) naming 3 referees by 30 November 1959 to Secretary, Inter-University Council for Higher Education Overseas, 29 Woburn Square, London, WC1, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

UNIVERSITY of Canterbury, New Zealand. Assistant Lecturer in History. Applications are invited for the above position in the Department of History and Political Science. The salary attached to the position will be at the rate of £780 per annum, rising by annual increments of £50 to £880 per annum. Commencing salary will be in accordance with qualifications and experience. An allowance is made towards travel and removal expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in New Zealand and London, on 30 November 1959.

VICTORIA University of Wellington, New Zealand. Junior Lecturer in French. Applications are invited for the above post in the Department of Modern Languages. Applicants should have a good command of spoken French. The salary will be £780 per annum, rising by annual increments of £50 to £880 per annum. The initial salary will be determined according to the qualifications and experience of the appointee. University salaries are at present under review. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close in New Zealand and London on 15 November 1959.

UNIVERSITY of Hong Kong. Assistant Lectureship in History. Applications are invited for the above newly established post. Applicants should be honours graduates with special interest or experience in the History of Modern East or South East Asia, and should be prepared to take up the post by September 1960. Annual salary (superannuable) is £1,375 × £50 – £1,525 for a man or £1,040 × £40 – £1,160 for a woman. There is also an expatriation allowance of £225 a year if applicable. The equivalent of income tax in the Colony is comparatively low. First-class sea passages are provided for expatriate staff and their families on first appointment and leave. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Hong Kong and London, on 30 November, 1959.

UNIVERSITY of New England, Australia. Lecturer in French. Applications are invited for a vacant position of permanent lectures in Fre ch. Experience and qualifications in Old French and/or the 16th Century are desirable though not essential. The commencing salary will be determined according to qualifications and experience within the range £A1,500 × £A90 – £A2,100 plus cost of living allowance. Provision is made for superannuation, travel and removal expenses, assistance in buying or building a house. The successful applicant will be expected to take up duty by 1 June, 1960, if possible. Further information may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applns close on 30 November, 1959.

UNIVERSITY College of South Wales and Monmouthshire. Applications are invited from Graduates for the post of Assistant Lecturer or Lecturer in Social Science in the Department of Economics And Social Science. Experience in social work and social research will be regarded as additional qualifications. Applications (six copies) should be sent not later than 23 Nov., 1959, to Registrar, University College, Cathays Park, Cardiff, from whom further partics may be obtained.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE London School of Economics and Political Science. Applications are invited from graduates in the social sciences for immediate appointment as a Research Assistant in the Government Research Division. The appointment would be for six months in the first instance. Starting salary according to age and qualifications within the range £450-£525 a year. Applications should be received by the Secretary, Government Research Division, The London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, Aldwych, WC2, not later than 4 November 1959.

BRIGHTON Education Committee – Applications invited from qualified Psychiatric Social Workers for full-time or part-time appointment. Full-time salary £610-£845 per annum; initial salary according to experience. Whitley Council conditions of service. Application forms, to be returned within three weeks of appearance of advertisement, and further particulars obtainable from Director of Education, 54 Old Steine, Brighton. W. O. Dodd, Town Clerk.

THE Hospital for Sick Children, Gt Ormond Street, London, WC1. Child Psychotherapist required for 4 sessions per week on Mondays and Fridays from 1 January 1960. Applicants should possess an Honours Degree in Psychology or equivalent, recognised training and experience in child psychotherapy and membership of the Association of Child Psychotherapists (non-medical). Sessional fee according to experience and training. Full details may be obtained from Director of Psychological Medicine.

THE Ockenden Venture. Required at Donington Hall, Derby, in January 1960, two men, one to deal especially with physical training, games and out-of-school activities, and the other to teach general subjects, preferably specialising in English and German. Donington Hall is a centre for 50 refugee boys from European displaced persons' camps, average age 10/15 years. Apply: The Warden, Donington Hall, nr Derby, for further partics.

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WARDEN/Club Leader. Sir Philip Game Boys' Club, Addiscombe, Croydon, Surrey. Vacancy January 1960 for Warden/Club Leader. Membership 200-250. Good premises. Free living accommodation. Salary range £650-£800 according to qualifications and experience. Apply by 14 November for full details and form of application to Hon. Secretary, Sir Philip Game Boys' Club, Police Station, Fell Road, Croydon, Surrey.

WORKERS' Educational Association, East Midland District. Applications are invited for the post of Tutor-Organiser for Lincoln and surrounding areas of Kesteven and Lindsey. Applicants should have a degree in subjects appropriate to adult education, preferably economics, politics, history. Salary scale £650 × £50—£1,200. The starting salary may be higher than the minimum according to experience and qualifications. Particulars from: J. T. Rhodes, District Secretary, 16 Shakespeare Street, Nottingham.

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APOLLO Society. Royal Festival Hall, Recital Room. Sundays at 7.45 p.m. 1 Nov.: Jill Balcon, C. Day Lewis, Osian Ellis. 22 Nov.: Barbara Jefford, John Neville. Tickets: 10s., 6s., 3s. at Hall (WAT. 3191) & Agents.

WORLD Refugee Year. Sat. 31 Oct. 7.30, St George The Martyr, Queen Sq., WC1. Bach Cantata, 'Give the hungry man thy bread', written for the Protestant refugees in 1732, and Anthems by Batten and Boyce. Singers: Ilse Wolf, Laura Sarti, John Whitworth, Gerald English, Maurice Bevan. Choir & Orchestra: cond.: Walter Bergmann. Adm. free; collection for World Refugee Year Fund.

HAMPSTEAD Choral Society, Hampstead Parish Church, Church Row, NW3. Sat. 7 Nov., at 8 p.m. Programme of music by: Purcell, Schütz, Bach and Handel. Simon Preston (Organ), Barbara Hill (Harpsichord), Goldsbrough Orchestra, cond.: Martindale Sidwell. Programmes 5s each at the Church on the evening of the performance.

HORNIMAN Museum, London Road, Forest Hill, SE23—Free Concerts, Wednesday evenings at 7.45: 4 November, New World Sounds: Russ Henderson Trinidad Steel Band. 11 November, Wind Music of 18th, 19th and 20th Centuries: Members of New English Orchestra directed by Leonard Rafter. 18 November, Folk Songs of Many Lands: Engel Lund and Ferdinand Ruater. 25 November, Syriax to Saxophone (A History of Wood Wind): James MacGillivray and Joan Rimmer. Seats may be reserved on application to the Curator. Light refreshments available 7-7.40 p.m. (1918.)

CONCERTS—continued

JOHN Williams, Guitar Recital, Wigmore Hall, Wed., 4 Nov., at 7.30. Works by Milan, Bach, Scarlatti, Sor, Ponce, Torroba, Albeniz. Tickets: 10s., 7s., 4s. at Hall WEL. 2141 & Ibbs & Tillett Ltd WEL. 8418.

ENTERTAINMENTS

In view of the extraordinary public response to 'THE NEW GERMANY' and 'THE GERMAN STORY', the management of the STATE CINEMA, High Road, Leytonstone, and Plato Films Ltd., have decided to extend the run of these remarkable documentaries by one week to Saturday, 7 November.

'THE GERMAN STORY'

Showing at: 5.35 & 8.35 Sunday 2.20, 5.20 & 8.20 Mon. to Sat.

'THE NEW GERMANY'

Showing at: 4.30 & 7.25 Sunday 4.10 & 7.10 Mon. to Sat.

(Central Line Tube Leytonstone Station Buses 10, 26 & 32 pass the door).

ACADEMY (GER. 2981). Daily 11 a.m. (Ex. Sun.) The Comedie Francaise in Moliere's Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme (u).

EVERYMAN, HAM. 1525. Russian Film Season. The Gorki Trilogy. Until 1 Nov.: 'My Apprenticeship' (U). From 2 Nov.: 'My Universities' (U).

INDIAN film 'Madhumati', directed by Bimal Roy, winner of 9 Awards, with English sub-titles. On Thursday, 5 Nov., 1959, at 7 p.m. at The Royal Commonwealth Society, Northumberland Avenue, WC2. Tickets 2s., 3s., and 4s. members, 1s. extra non-members, from: India Film Society, 31a John Adam St, WC2. TRA. 2110.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing to Don Simmons' Group Today Sat. 31 October 8-11 p.m. Members 3s., their guests 5s.

DANCE. Sat. 31 October, 7.30 p.m. South Place Ethical Soc., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq, WC1. Admission 4s. Public cordially invited.

LUNCHEON for Georgian dancers, 18 Nov. Tickets 30s. from Secretary (Theatre Section), Society for Cultural Relations with the USSR, 14 Kensington Square, W8. WEStern 1571.

EXHIBITIONS

MARLBOROUGH Gallery, 17-18 Old Bond St, W1. 'Art in Revolt: Germany 1905-1925', Chagall, Kirchner, Klee, Kokoschka, Marc, etc. In aid of World Refugee Year. Admn 2s. 6d. Students 1s. Daily 10-5. Sat. 10-12.

ROY Turner Durrant—Recent Pictures at Grabowski Gallery, 84 Sloane Avenue, SW3. Until 4 Nov. Daily 10-5. Sunday 2-5.

DUNOYER De Segonzac: Drawings, watercolours & engravings. An Arts Council exhibition. Royal Academy Diploma Gallery. Till 29 November. Weekdays 10-6; Sun. 2-6. Admission 2s. 6d.

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay St, W1. (GER. 3529.) F. N. Souza from 3 Nov.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George Street, W1. Sculpture—Tellem & Dogon from French Sudan. Until 21 Nov. Daily 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Picabia—First London Exhibition. Daily 10-5.30. Sats 10-1. Until 14 November. 142 New Bond Street, London, W1.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1. MAYfair 4419. Paintings by Fred Palmer, Joan Knoblock, Don Tibbenham. 26 Oct.-14 Nov. 10-6, Sats 10-1.

WADDINGTON Galleries: recent paintings Kate Nicholson. 10-6. Sats 10-1. 2 Cork St, W1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century; Electricity in the Service of Medicine, and other exhibitions Mon.-Fri., 10-5. Admission free.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. The recent work of John Piper, the graphic work of Ben Shahn and etchings by 19th and 20th Century artists.

NUDES of Jean Straker—Photography 12-9, 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq., W1.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Kasimir Malevich 1878-1935. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

FROM Hodler to Klee: Swiss Art of the Twentieth Century. An Arts Council exhibition. Tate Gallery. Closes tomorrow. Sat. 10-6; Sun. 2-6. Admission 2s. 6d.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. Recent paintings Elsa Vaudrey; Paintings by Soulages. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Closes 20 November.

ZWEMMER'S, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. New Pigs & Drws, Peter Coker. Till 19 Nov.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Architects' Choice. A selection from the collections of modern British Architects. Until 28 Nov. Daily 10-6. Sats 10-1. Adm. 1s. Members free.

AUTUMN Exhibition of works by members of the Finsbury Art Group, Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Ave, EC1 (nr Sadler's Wells). Tues., 3 Nov., to Fri., 13 Nov. Open 12 noon to 7 p.m. Closed Sat. & Sn. Free.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St, W1. Leonard Rosoman & Jacob Bornfriend: Recent Paintings. 10-5.30; Sats 10-1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

CAMPAIGN FOR NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT
London Region
EMERGENCY CONFERENCE
CND AFTER THE ELECTION.
WHAT NOW?
A vital meeting for all supporters of the campaign.
FRIENDS HOUSE, Euston Road, NW1.
Sat., 31 Oct. 1959,
10 a.m.-9 p.m. 2s. 6d.

Universities & Left Review Club
THE CASE FOR SOCIAL OWNERSHIP:
PETER SHORE
Monday, 2 November, 7.30 for 8 p.m.
MAHATMA GANDHI HALL,
Fitzroy Square, London, W1.
(Two minutes Warren St Station)
Members: 1s. Non-members: 2s.

SYDNEY Silverman, MP, on 'Present Problems': Friends House, Euston Road, London, NW1, 5 November, at 6.30 p.m. A Public Meeting, arranged by Friends' Penal Reform Committee.

TUESDAY 3 Nov. at 7 p.m. The Very Rev. the Dean of St Paul's in the chair. 'The Parting of the Ways': (a) The Pharisees—Mr Meir Gertner & (b) Paul of Tarsus—The Rev. E. C. Blackman. At King's Weigh House Church Hall, Binney St (almost opp. Selfridges), Oxford St, W1. All welcome.

SOCIETY for Education Through Art. 7 Nov. at College of Preceptors, Bloomsbury Square, 'Integrated Octopuses' (A Forum on Secondary School Art Edition), Speakers: Field, de Saussmarez, Ellis. 10.15 a.m. Tickets from SEA Office, 37 Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd, SW1, or at door.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. 'The 50's'. Reyner Banham: 'The Last Days of Good Design'. Tuesday, 3 November, 8.15 p.m. Admission 3s. Members 1s. 6d. 'Communications'. Herbert Read: 'The Cultural Situation in Contemporary China'. Wednesday, 4 November, 8.15 p.m. Admission 3s. Members 1s. 6d.

BENJAMIN Townley Speaicer speaks on 'Nationalism in American Literature' in the second of the USIS Autumn Lecture Series, Thursday, 5 November, at 8 p.m., in the USIS Library, 41 Grosvenor Square.

PUSHKIN. Founder of Great Russian Literature. A joint meeting of Shaw Society & Pushkin Club, addressed by Dr Bertha Malnick, at National Book League, 7 Albemarle St, W1, 30 Oct., 7 p.m.: non-mems 2s 6d.

SERGEI Obraztsov will be the chief speaker at the SCR 35th Anniversary Meeting, Mahatma Gandhi Hall, Fitzroy Square, W1, 9 Dec., 7.30 p.m. Tickets 2s. 6d. from SCR, 14 Kensington Sq., W8.

S PLACE Ethical Soc. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq, WC1. Sun. 11 a.m. 1 Nov. W. E. Swinton, Ph.D. 'The Gap Between Scientists and Artists'. Write for free 'Monthly Record'. Chamber Music Concert. 6.30.

CONWAY Discussions. S. Place Ethical Soc. Red Lion Sq., WC1. Tues. 7.15 p.m. 3 Nov. Dr L. E. C. Hughes. 'The Case for Calendar Reform'.

'SCIENCE and Religion'—A Biologist's Approach. Speaker, Anna M. Bidder. Sunday, 1 Nov., at 6.30 p.m., Friends House, Euston Rd., London, NW1.

IWC London Branch. Fri., 6 Nov., 8.30, 'The Sociology of Cinema' (film), Mr. Whannel. 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. PAD. 0688. Public Lecture. Free.

'CYCLES of Destiny.' Public Lecture Sun. 1 Nov., 8 p.m. Free lit. s.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. PAD. 0688.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

UNIVERSITY College London, Gower St, WC1. Lunch Hour Lectures, 1.15-2. Admission free. 3 Nov. 'The Tasmanians: an Extinct Race' by Mr N. J. B. Plomley; 5 Nov. 'Work in Progress' by Mr Reginald Butler.

ROY Jenkins, MP, 'The Future of the Labour Party'. Fabian Post-Election Lecture. Wed., 4 Nov., 7.15, Livingstone Hall (nr St James's Park Stn).

SOCIALISM in the 'Sixties—Post-Election Lectures. Roy Jenkins, P. M. S. Blackett, R. M. Titmuss, R. H. S. Crossman. Weds in Nov. Details from Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St, SW1. WHI. 3077.

COLLET'S 1959-60 Series of Talks: Eric Hobsbawm discusses his recent book, 'Primitive Rebels'. Friday, 6 November, 7.30-10 p.m. Caxton Hall, Westminster. Tickets: 2s. each from Collet's London Bookshop, 64-66 Charing Cross Rd, WC2.

BEN Uri Literary Circle. Contemporary Poetry. Readings from their own work by Dannie Abse, Edwin Brock, D. J. Enright and J. E. M. Lucie-Smith. Sunday, 1 Nov., 8 p.m. 14 Portman St, W1.

DESIGN Today: Illustrated lecture by Paul Reilly, BA. Finsbury Central Library, Skinner St (nr Town Hall, Rosebery Ave, EC1). Tues., 3 Nov., 8.30 (nr. Finsbury Art Group). Non-members 1s. 6d.

ADLERIAN Society inaugural lecture. 'The Free Family', by Paul Ritter, Mon., 16 Nov., 7.30 punctually. Alliance Hall, Palmer St, SW1. Non-members 2s. 6d. (Students 1s.)

'MAKE Mine Music'—New Jewish Society. Simon Marks Room, Bedford House, 108 Baker St, W1, at 8 p.m. Wed., 4 Nov.

SOUTH African Freedom Association. 'Life in South Africa' by African author of 'Down Second Avenue', Ezekiel Mphahlele. Tues. 3 Nov. 8 p.m. at 41 Platts Lane, NW3.

BRITISH Yugoslav Soc. 'The Yugoslav Modern Novel'. Talk by Dr E. D. Goy, 10 Nov. 6.30. Ivanhoe Htl, Bloomsbury St, WC1.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8, Sun. 1 November, 6.30 Music & Readings; 7 p.m. 'GBS and the ABC': Barbara Smoker.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns, W11. (PARk 7696.) Fri. 6 Nov., 8 p.m., Symposium on Russia. Miss Rosamund John, Gerald Crossdell (Brit. Actors' Equity Assoc.), Eric Lucis, Mrs Skript, Miss Wolff. In Chair: M. M. Wolff.

SOVIET Criminal Law: explained (in English) by Dr. Boris Nikiforov at SCR, 14 Kensington Sq. W8, on Wed. 4 Nov., 7.30 Questions. Adm. 2s. 6d. (SCR mems. 2s.).

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Ave, Muswell Hill, N10: Swami Ghanananda, Suns 5 p.m. Upanishads. Swami Ghanananda, Thurs., 5 Nov., 7.30, Kingsway Hall, Holborn: 'Real & Apparent Man'. Vedanta mag. 2s. 6d.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Square, SW1. The Meeting on Wed. 4 Nov. at 6.30 will be for members only, to commemorate the Society's 35th Birthday. Theravada Class for those interested, Tue. 3 Nov., 6.30. Send 3s. for 'The Middle Way' November number. Information TAT. 1385.

BAHAI World Faith. Meeting every Thurs. 7.45, 27 Rutland Gate, Knightsbridge.

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